HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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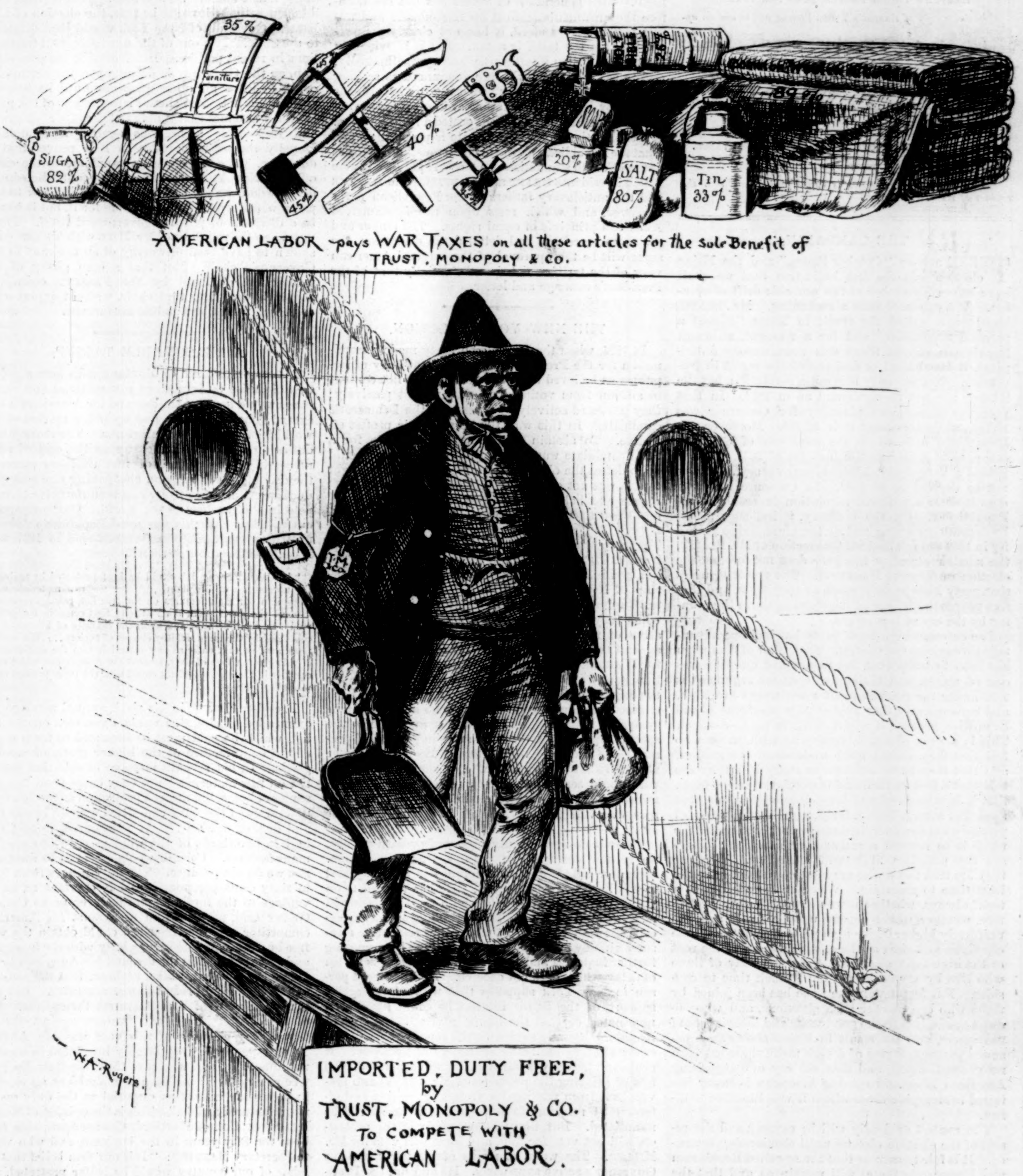
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE CAMPAIGN.

THERE are no "October States," and the Maine election was the last indication that we shall have before November of the probable drift of opinion. We can now take a reckoning. Mr. BLAINE impetuously called the result in Maine "almost a political revolution," and for a moment, although Republican success there was unanimously anticipated, it was hailed as decisive of the result in November. Yet not only is it not a revolution, but the returns are not so significant as in 1884. In that year the Republican plurality for Governor was 19,745, while this year it is 18,495. Moreover, the Republican increase on the total vote of '84 is but 691, against a Democratic increase of 2047. This is indeed a very decided Republican victory, but it is not so decided as in 1884. In no sense whatever does it show a political revolution favorable to the Republicans. On the contrary, it indicates actual Democratic progress; and as the large Maine plurality in 1884 did not forecast the election of Mr. BLAINE, the smaller plurality this year does not forecast the election of General HARRISON. The result signifies that party lines remain much as they were, and that fact proves the failure of the effort to alarm the country by the cry of low wages.

The extreme high tariff party has had one advantage throughout the contest. Their plan of campaign has been to insist that the paramount question was one of wages, and their most specious argument is that under the present tariff rates wages are high, and consequently that any change whatever would be unwise, because it might result in reduced wages. This is a very plausible argument with those who feel that they do not quite understand the subject, and that they have not time to study it. They are told that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, that it is always wise to let well enough alone, that there has always been a tariff, and that the national prosperity is due to it, and consequently to tinker the tariff is to imperil a satisfactory situation. These are the plausible high-tariff assertions. Whether they are true those who are most concerned have the least time to ascertain. Whether there has been a tariff always, whether it was always highly protective, whether wages depend upon a tariff, and are uniformly higher under high protective duties—these questions and such as these, which strike at the root of the high-tariff argument, the great body of those who live by wages do not have much time to consider. But fortunately the issue has been joined by those who can answer such questions, and who address themselves to the good sense and intelligence of the voters, and the result in Maine shows that, despite the specious plea of a high tariff, there has been no general alarm, and that the cry of pauperizing American labor and ruining American industry has failed to stampede those whom it was intended to affect.

The contest evidently will be earnest, and the result of the election obscure until election-day is passed. It is fair to assume that the so-called Republican and Democratic States will remain so, and that the decisive vote will be cast in the doubtful States. The computation is simple. Without the electoral vote of New York the President cannot win, nor with it unless he can add to it the vote of Indiana, or of New Jersey and Connecticut together. In New York the prospect of the President's success is clouded by the uncontested nomination of Governor HILL, and the consequent feeling of disgust and distrust among intelligent citizens. Had the Democrats nominated in New York a candidate like Mr. RUSSELL, whom they have nominated in Massachusetts, and with the intention of honestly supporting him, the vote of New York would have been sure for Mr. CLEVELAND. New Jersey and Connecticut are both believed to be inclined toward high protection, but they voted for Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884, and the result in Maine shows that the old lines are not shaken. In New Jersey the Prohibition vote will draw from the Republican, and Indiana is claimed by both sides. The BUTLER vote has "gone to pieces," and the great mass of it will return to the Democratic candidate, and the "Labor vote" will generally favor him also. The "Irish vote," which was given to Mr. BLAINE in 1884, will not probably go largely to General HARRISON. It is obvious, however, that boasting on either side as to the general result in the country is ridiculous, while the betting, we believe, is favorable to Mr. CLEVELAND. This generation of voters has not heard before the arguments against an immoderate and unjust tariff tax. Indeed, it has not clearly comprehended that the tariff is a tax. But it is evidently inclined to listen intelligently and sympathetically, and to see that those who are denounced as seeking the ruin of the country by proposing to diminish the surplus by lightening taxation are doing only what the denouncers themselves advocated a few years ago. It sees that the Republican Senate is proposing to do what the Republican platform condemns, and it laughs at the effort to stigmatize as a "rebel" policy a course which Presidents GRANT and GARFIELD and ARTHUR and the antislavery fathers of the Republican party approved, and which rests upon the fundamental American principle of equal rights. The longer and the more searching and detailed the discussion, the surer will be the approval of the original American view of the tariff, which is substantially that of the President's message and letter.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

IN 1884, when the Republican party made a nomination for the Presidency which a great body of Republicans believed to be unfit, they were not content to abstain from voting, and thus protest passively; they protested actively by voting for the Democratic candidate. In this way they made their protest effective. To abstain from voting or to vote for a third candidate was to do only half what they could do to defeat the obnoxious candidate. They thought that it was not enough merely to protest; they must oppose and help, if possible, to prevent the election, and show that a bad nomination was a weak nomination. The situation is the same now in New York. The party which in the national campaign is supporting Mr. CLEVELAND upon a platform of tariff reform has nominated an unfit candidate for the Governorship of New York. In this State, therefore, honest tariff reformers, whether Democrats or independents, while they support Mr. CLEVELAND as the representative of that policy, can protest most effectively against the nomination of Governor HILL by voting for WARNER MILLER. Mr. MILLER is a high-protectionist, and in the national election he will vote for the high-tariff candidate. But he is a man of high character and public experience, who is generally in sympathy with progressive politics, and who is the special representative of the most important of present State questions, high license. He is a supporter also of ballot reform, and the citizen of New York who would secure an honest and reputable State administration and promote good order and honest politics will vote for Mr. MILLER as against Governor HILL.

There is no more deadly enemy of modern society, no greater corrupter of politics, than the saloon. Governor HILL'S executive action has been adjusted to win its favor and support. He has refused upon various pretexts to co-operate with the Legislature in measures to restrain the liquor traffic, and tries to escape the responsibility of preventing restrictive measures already enacted by the Legislature by proposing further inquiries and investigations. But it is a plea of delay which does not deceive. No intelligent person in New York supposes that without the active support of the liquor interest he could have been nominated, or that the liquor interest is not sure of its man. Equally evident is the repudiation of Governor HILL by the better sentiment of his party. It protested publicly against his nomination; but the fear of injuring the prospects of Mr. CLEVELAND prevented it from making its protest aggressive and effective by refusing to support him if he should be nominated. But, nevertheless, many of the protesters will not vote for him, and some will vote for Mr. MILLER. The worst elements of his party are the Governor's active supporters. He and not the President is to them the representative Democrat, and his election would make them more than ever the dictators of the party. The chief acts of his administration are those which were designed to win the favor of this class, and it would be hard to point out in his administration any good reason for his re-election.

But it is not only because he is the favorite of the liquor interest and the representative of low politics that his election should be opposed. The inquiry into the proceedings of the Aqueduct Commission has brought out testimony under oath which shows the Governor's complete unworthiness for the great office that he seeks. This evidence is summarized as follows by the New York *Tribune*, the evidence itself having been published in the daily papers:

> "It has been proved, and nobody denies the fact, that DAVID B. HILL'S friend, law partner, and factotum, WILLIAM L. MULLER, asked for and obtained the votes of a majority of the Aqueduct Commissioners in favor of giving to JOHN O'BRIEN, HILL'S political manager, at figures $50,000 in excess of the lowest bid, a certain aqueduct contract. MULLER gave several of the Commissioners to understand, as they swore under oath, that HILL wanted O'BRIEN to receive this contract. Out of the profits thus dishonestly made O'BRIEN paid a note signed by HILL and MULLER for $10,000, the proceeds of which, previously obtained by O'BRIEN from a bank, had been given to MULLER for use in HILL'S last campaign just a few days before the election took place."

This statement has been made substantially many times, but it has not been denied. If it be true, and it is generally believed to be true, the election of Mr. HILL as Governor of New York would be a disgrace to the State. It is one of the most shameful transactions in recent politics. In advocating his own election, as the Governor is doing upon the stump, he ought to leave all other questions until he has explained this act. His silence is contempt of the public, for it assumes that it does not care for such grave and responsible accusations against a candidate. Happily the national result in 1884 proves that it does care. The election of a candidate to the chief office in New York despite such uncontradicted evidence would be not only a self-inflicted blow to the party which would be responsible for it, but it would be a discredit to popular government itself. Three years ago the relations of Mr. HILL with TWEED were shown to have been unworthy of an aspirant to the Governor's chair. But that a man guilty of the transaction disclosed by the FASSETT committee should be called to that chair, without explanation or denial, would be a public misfortune.

A REASONABLE TARIFF.

A CORRESPONDENT in Montana asks how a reduction of duties on imports of raw material and necessaries would increase the demand for American labor, extend American trade, and open the market of the world for American manufactures. The reduction of duties on raw materials cheapens the cost of manufacturing, the increase of manufactures increases the demand for labor, and cheapening domestic production enables the American manufacturer to compete in the markets of the world. Our correspondent will find that this was good Republican doctrine until this year. HENRY WILSON said in 1857 what is quite as true now as then:

> "I think American labor will be best protected by taxing all the necessaries of life lightly, placing the raw materials which enter into our manufactures on the free list, raising revenue to support the government upon articles that come in competition with our manufactures, and upon the luxuries of life which are consumed by the more wealthy classes of society....We want all those articles that enter as raw materials into the manufactures of this country free of duty, so that the country can stand on an equality in the markets of the world with the other nations of the world."

President GRANT in his sixth annual message recommended placing fine wools, dyes, etc., on the free list, which he said must be imported to form a part of the manufacture of the higher grade of woollen goods. In his seventh message he said that the duties on raw materials "not only came from the consumer at home, but act as a protection to foreign manufacturers of the same completed articles in our own and distant markets." At present we import one-half to two-thirds of the wool used in our woollen manufactures. Certain wools essential to finer fabrics we do not produce. The duty ranges from forty to sixty cents per pound, and it operates as an advantage to the foreign manufacturer, or, as General GRANT said, protects him as against his American competitor. If the American could obtain the wool free he could compete successfully with the foreigner, and greatly increase the demand for American labor. Our correspondent thinks, perhaps, that the removal of the duty would ruin the manufacturer. But that is not the view of manufacturers themselves. One of the earliest Republican protests against the extraordinary platform of this year was Mr. ARTHUR T. LYMAN, who is very largely interested in woollen manufactures, and who says that "in New England free raw material has been considered as an element in protection almost as essential as the duty on the manufactured article." This is the opinion of Messrs. BEACH & Co., of Hartford, Connecticut, who have been for fifty years in the business, and who wrote to Secretary MANNING: "It is our firm belief that the labor of our country would be better protected, and manufactures be upon a much sounder basis, with free raw materials and a moderate duty upon the manufactured products to compensate for our higher-cost labor." The proprietors of the Keystone Mills, Philadelphia, wrote, in accord with General GRANT, that the tariff on wool "is equivalent to putting a premium on foreign labor."

Our correspondent may look at the question also from the point of view of actual experience. The

American tanning industry was confined by the high duties to American hides. But Congress repealed the duty. Upon the high tariff theory the

> "country ought to have been flooded with leather made in Europe by pauper labor, the American tanners should have closed up or reduced their wages to a level with those paid in Europe. But that is not what did happen. No European pauper-made leather came over. The American tanners did not quit. They did not reduce the wages of their workmen. On the contrary, they bought more hides than ever, bought all the American hides they could get, went down to South America and bought hides, and bringing them home, made more leather than ever, supplying not only the home demand, but selling their leather at a profit in the markets of the world, snapping their fingers at 'pauper labor' in Europe and elsewhere. The industry grew and prospered. It increased its output, employed more men, and paid them as good wages as they ever got. So there is to-day no industry in the United States more prosperous, or has a better basis for its prosperity, than the tanning industry."

The President's platform is a reasonable tariff, such a tariff as Hugh McCulloch, an old Henry Clay Whig, describes:

> "Large revenues must always be derived from duties upon imports, and these duties, if judiciously imposed, would never fail to give to home manufactures all the protection which they might need to enable them to compete with foreigners in our own markets, and at the same time to open the way for a free trade with other nations."

CAMPAIGN LYING.

The President's proposition that the surplus should be reduced by taking the tariff tax from necessaries and raw materials having been denounced as a declaration for free-trade, and the President's policy thus having been stigmatized as an effort to ruin American industry for the benefit of England, all subsidiary lying in promotion of the great original became very easy. Among the minor auxiliary lies is a remark attributed to the London *Times* that the only time England can use an Irishman to advantage is when he emigrates to America and votes for free-trade. The *Times*, indeed, never said so. The remark is a sheer invention; nobody gives the date, or affords any clew to the time or occasion of the alleged statement. Yet the story is constantly repeated in Republican papers. It is published in Republican documents, and it is reiterated in Republican speeches. The object, of course, is not to tell the truth nor to persuade by argument. It is a mere appeal to prejudice and hatred, and is put out as a bait for the Irish vote.

Another lie of the campaign we find floating through the Republican press to the effect that Harper's Weekly has declared that were Abraham Lincoln now living he would be a Democrat. As Harper's Weekly, while favoring the election of Mr. Cleveland, is not a Democratic paper, there would seem to be no reason for inventing this particular lie. Mr. Lincoln as a Whig announced himself as in favor of internal improvements and high protection. But, as we have heretofore shown, the Whig doctrine of protection was not that of the Chicago platform, and no one can say that Mr. Lincoln might not have stood with the Chicago *Tribune* rather than with the Chicago platform in his support of General Harrison. Nevertheless, as Harper's Weekly, again, while favoring reduction of the surplus by tariff reform, is not a Democratic paper, it would hardly say of Mr. Lincoln that he would now be a Democrat, even had it assumed that he would probably incline to a revision of the tariff in the manner favored by the Chicago *Tribune* and by Mr. Cleveland.

Of course the Weekly has never said of Mr. Lincoln what is thus reported. As in the case of the remark attributed to the London *Times*, no date is given, no precise words are quoted, in any reproduction of the story that we have seen. The lie is thrown out upon the chance of creating a prejudice against the Weekly by representing it as assuming that were Mr. Lincoln living he would, in the Republican lingo, strike hands with rebel brigadiers. The opinions of Harper's Weekly, as of all other journals, are to be found in its editorial columns, and if it has ever said that were Mr. Lincoln now living he would be a Democrat, the date and the article can be mentioned. Failure to mention them by any paper that repeats the story will be a confession that such a paper does not believe what it says.

BLACK-MAILING.

The Troy *Times* quotes the letter of the treasurer of the Massachusetts Democratic Committee to national office-holders, inviting contributions for the expenses of the campaign. The *Times* declares it to be "a clear and direct violation of the civil service law, which forbids any one to solicit contributions from persons in the public service." We wish the *Times* were correct, but the law is not quite so comprehensive. It forbids soliciting "in any room or building occupied in the discharge of official duties." The outrage, of course, is the same wherever the circular is sent. But the law is as we state.

The Troy *Times* will undoubtedly denounce with the same warmth the letter of the Republican Massachusetts Committee to the State officers and employés, which was sent to their official rooms, in direct violation of the State law. The *Times* says of the Democratic offences, "If the Administration were sincere in its professions of reform it would promptly prosecute the guilty parties, and secure the punishment prescribed for them." This remark, of course, is no less applicable to the Republican State administration in Massachusetts. Whatever may be true of the President, the Republican professions of reform are much more vehement than the Democratic. They assume, indeed, that the reform is peculiarly and exclusively Republican. We shall watch closely, with the Troy *Times*, to see if the Republican administration in Massachusetts vindicates the sincerity of this claim in the manner demanded by the *Times*, namely, by promptly prosecuting the guilty parties and securing the punishment prescribed for them. When the Troy *Times* sees this prompt prosecution it will doubtless announce the fact.

But the Troy *Times* makes another remark, which discredits both the Republican profession and platform. It says, "Republicans make no complaint that Democrats are accorded the offices, though faithful men have been turned out to make room for them." This is an extraordinary assertion, for it is a declaration that Republicans do not complain of the very fundamental abuse which it is the object of the reform movement to correct. The wrong is that Democrats are "accorded the offices" because they are Democrats, and that faithful men are dismissed because they are Republicans. The Troy *Times* says that the real ground of complaint is the "false and fraudulent pretences" of reform made by the Administration. But if Republicans do not complain that Democrats, as such, are "accorded the offices," then the Republican platform is a false and fraudulent pretence, because it demands in effect that such "according" shall cease. The Troy *Times* merely echoes the sneers of Senator Ingalls and other Republicans, who are just as much civil service reformers as the Democratic Senators Vest and Gorman. The truth is, as our excellent contemporary undoubtedly perceives, that neither party, as such, is a civil service reform party, but in both there are earnest reformers, and more of them probably among Republicans than among Democrats.

A FIRST STEP.

General Harrison in his letter of acceptance says in substance that the policy of tariff reform advocated by the President, if not in itself free-trade, is the first step toward free-trade. But this is plainly a mistake. A tariff tax of 40 or 42 per cent. instead of 47 per cent. is obviously not free-trade. If the country should approve such a tariff, and then free-trade should be proposed, the country would overwhelmingly oppose it. Its approval of one would not involve approval of the other. How, then, would the reduced tariff be a first step toward free-trade?

Or, again, if the tariff should be reduced in order to abolish the surplus, and the country, upon further reflection, should prefer a free-trade policy, it would do so because it believed it to be for its interest. But it would not have been entrapped into it. If, as General Harrison assumes, free-trade be a ruinous policy, the country, which, upon the theory of our government, knows what it wants, will certainly reject it. But because it does not wish free-trade it does not follow that it wishes prohibitive protection, and if it should deliberately decide to reduce the surplus by lowering certain duties, it would not be because it had been inveigled into one perilous step which, once taken, would compel it to take another.

General Harrison, in order to make his statement an argument, must prove that any reduction of the tariff is necessarily the beginning of free-trade. Not only could he not do it, but, if he could do it, he would be forced to own that the same first step toward free-trade has been warmly advocated by Republican leaders. It was proposed under President Arthur by the Republican Commission, and four years ago it was recommended by the Republican Convention. General Harrison is not a candidate in a contest between protection and free-trade, but between the policy of reducing the surplus by freeing whiskey and tobacco rather than by touching any protective duty, and a policy of surplus reduction by freeing the necessaries of life and the raw materials of American industry.

A STATESMAN'S VIEW.

Mr. Sherman's speech upon his resolution of inquiry into the state of the relations of the United States with Great Britain and Canada was full of a true and not a spurious Americanism. But the action of the Senate in rejecting the treaty was equally illustrative of the latter kind. In his speech defending his vote against the treaty Mr. Sherman said that his objection to it was that it would alienate good feeling and make relations more difficult. That was a good reason for amending the treaty, but it was no reason at all for rejecting negotiation and resorting to retaliation, which was the alternative offered by the Senate.

Mr. Sherman now says, and truly, that the good feeling and union with Canada which he desires "could not be promoted by controversies and retaliation; those measures looked to and generally ended in war." This is undoubtedly true. But why, then, did Mr. Sherman practically vote for retaliation and against negotiation? He says that the retaliation contemplated by the act of March, 1887, was retaliation in kind. But is not that retaliation? And does not retaliation in kind lead to exasperation of feeling and look to war?

The truth is that the Republican Senate has been taken in its own snare. But it is never too late to mend. Mr. Sherman played his part in a little electioneering game, in which he and his friends have been defeated. He now practically recedes, and forecasts a policy which is patriotic, generous, and wise, but with which retaliation is incompatible. He says:

> "The whole history of the two countries had been a continuous warning that they could not remain at peace with each other except by political as well as commercial union. It would be better for all if the whole continent north of Mexico shared in the prosperity and blessings of the American Union. But the way to union with Canada was not by unfriendly legislation, but by friendly overtures. The true policy of the government of the United States was to tender to Canada freedom of trade and intercourse, and to make that tender in such a fraternal way that it should be an overture to the Canadian people to become a part of the American government."

This statement places the discussion upon the height where it belongs. It was with the wise and friendly feeling which Mr. Sherman now shows that the President desired to treat the question. His offer was spurned, and he immediately exposed the character of the opposition by proposing a real and compulsory retaliation. As a political campaign game it was wretched business, but the victory remains with the President, and the best part of it is that it has drawn from Mr. Sherman this speech, worthy in its chief point of an American statesman.

HUBBELLISM.

The Civil Service Reform League has issued a circular to the employés of the government, quoting the provisions of law in regard to political assessments—the outrageous abuse known as Hubbellism from the extortions practised by a party committee a few years ago, of which Mr. Hubbell was chairman. The Postmaster-General, Mr. Dickinson, recently stated, as reported in an interview:

> "I will not object to any Federal office-holder contributing what he pleases, but he will not be required to contribute. In my department, clerks can subscribe or not, just as they please, but with the distinct understanding that the man's position will not be affected one way or the other, whether he contributes or not."

He added that he had prepared a letter to postmasters stating these views. As long, however, as the President and heads of departments contribute largely, and very much more liberally than they would contribute as citizens, to the party treasury, and as long as such letters as that of Mr. John M. Galloway, chairman of the Kansas Democratic Committee, and that of Mr. W. R. Morrison to Assistant Postmaster-General Stevenson, are unrebuked, it is not probable that subordinate clerks will feel at liberty to refuse the demands of the black-mailer. Undoubtedly there has been much progress in suppressing this outrageous wrong, but much also remains to be done.

PERSONAL.

During the recent Maine State election campaign Mr. Blaine made a dozen speeches and travelled two thousand miles.

—The word-coiner has already found a nice new combination of syllables to designate the death by electric shock that the law now prescribes. Electrothanatos is the easy and pat invention.

—The Empress of Austria is said to own twenty pet horses and twice as many dogs, after whose proper entertainment she personally sees every day.

—Bismarck is accused of growing amiable as the years go by.

—Though working newspaper men have been commingling at almost every hour of the day and night among the stricken yellow-fever victims at Jacksonville, only four have been, so far, attacked by the scourge, and three of the four are sure of recovery.

—The oldest voter in the United States this year is a Texas man, Richard Kidd, who was born 115 years ago, and has been a Democrat ever since there was a Democratic party.

—When New York's public schools opened last week, 150,000 children were registered.

—Not the Southern man only, but the woman of Dixie, has caught the money-making spirit of the age. The head of one of the most fashionable dress-making establishment in New York is a Virginia woman.

—Eli Wright, of Youngstown, Ohio, has obtained from the records at Washington a transcript showing that he was the youngest Union soldier in the war. He enlisted when twelve years and one month old.

—A tree in a Georgia forest was cut down at five o'clock one morning recently, and before night it had not only been converted into paper, but the public was reading news printed on it at supper-time.

—Thirty million trees have been planted in Kansas this year.

—The United States is not the only land where the opportunity to serve one's country is a luxury that politicians are willing to pay for. The Comte de Paris announces that he will spend 20,000,000 francs at the next general election in France.

—Mrs. Ira McLane has been awarded the government contract for running twenty-three mail routes in Dakota for the next four years.

—*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* has become a popular pulpit subject in England since Richard Mansfield scored his theatrical hit in London.

—Jean Ingelow's delight is to give dinners to the sick poor who get to the hospitals within her reach.

—Even in Spain blood tells. Two of the most important members of the Spanish cabinet are Irish.

—Even Jerusalem is in the nineteenth-century swim, and has a real estate boom. Land near the city has gone up five hundred per cent. within the last few years.

—New York's largest free library, the Apprentices', often circulates 1000 volumes a day. Its shelves hold over 77,000 books.

—The Hon. Thomas L. James is enjoying himself in Europe. He opened a lecture course at Cardiff, in Wales, last week, telling the Welshmen what a glorious land America is.

—The Queen of Portugal has sent to America for a cabinet organ.

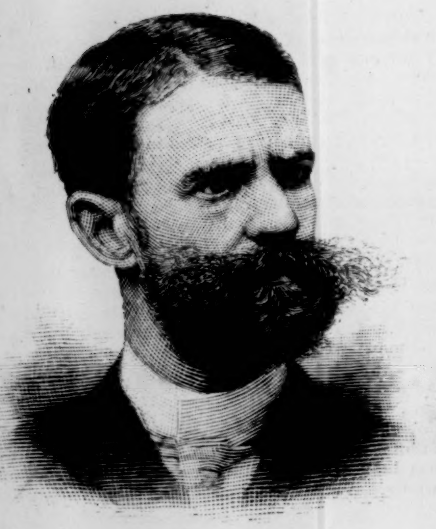
—Bushrod D. Washington, of Chicago, is the possessor of a valuable historical relic, namely, the seal which General Washington wore on his watch chain, and the one with which the death-warrant of Major André was impressed. Although he has received a number of liberal offers, Mr. Washington refuses to part with it. The gentleman is referred to by a Chicago paper as "one of the ancestry of General George Washington."

—A museum has been erected to the memory of Lady Brassey in her husband's palace in London. Curiosities from all parts of the world are gathered there, and form, it is said, a remarkable collection.

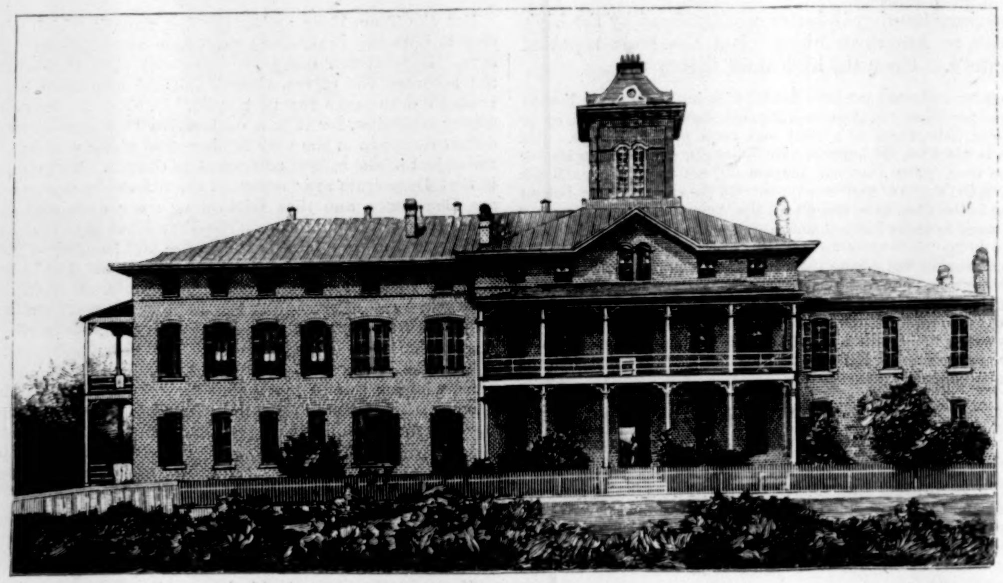
—Potter Palmer, the Chicago millionnaire, lives in a house that is said to be more like a castle than any other residence in Chicago. No two rooms are alike in style or finish. The house is built with a rotunda surmounted by a Moorish dome, and all the doors open into a circular hall. The supporting pillars and the balustrades are made of polished marble. An elevator, panelled with plate-glass and upholstered in satin, carries the occupants of the house to the upper rooms. Mr. Palmer has two sons, lads of twelve and fourteen years of age, who have their gymnasium, shooting-gallery, and play-rooms in a house built specially for their use, and they are taught all the accomplishments as well as the manly arts.

—Mr. William Walter Phelps is said to have made some very gratifying investments in Washington real estate; Senator Sherman is reported to have realized a handsome fortune in the same way; and now the story comes that a syndicate of capitalists have bought $400,000 worth of land at the capital, which they are laying out in streets and "circles" at their own expense, and out of which they expect to realize a fortune. Let it be hoped that they will find some more characteristic names than the letters of the alphabet for these new streets.

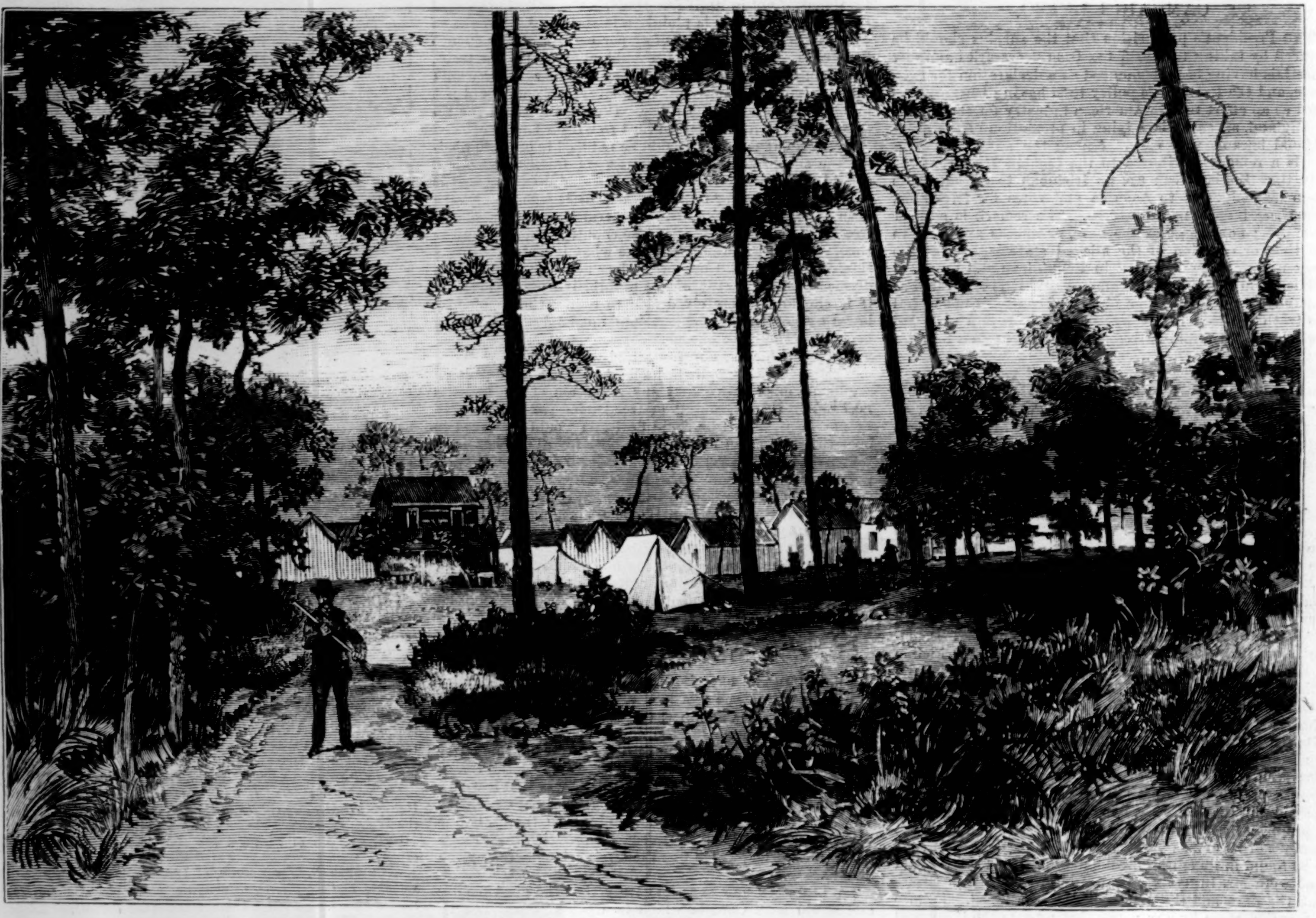
—General Clinton Bowen Fisk spent his early years on a farm in the wild West. As soon as he learned to read he hungered for books, and while apprenticed to a farmer he set up a library in the wood-shed, which consisted of an old copy of Shakespeare's plays, with half the pages torn out, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Paradise Lost*, and *Robinson Crusoe*. These he kept in a bookcase made out of a shoe box. After learning these books almost by heart he yearned for a Latin grammar, but had no money to buy one. Necessity is the mother of invention: he sold a trained coon to a circus, and with the money bought his Latin grammar, walking twelve miles to the book-store and home again.



DR. NEAL MITCHELL, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH.



ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.



THE SAND HILLS HOSPITAL, LOOKING WEST.

THE SAND HILLS HOSPITAL, LOOKING NORTHEAST.

FEVER-STRICKEN JACKSONVILLE.—From Photographs.—[See Page 731.]

WILLIAM WARREN.

For thirty-five years the acting of William Warren was an important factor in the education as well as the diversion of the people of Boston. He retained there during all those years a unique position, and his influence was felt in every circle of respectable Boston society. As the principal and best-liked actor in the stock company of the Boston Museum—an organization which included in its membership during his ascendency many other actors of uncommon skill and great popularity—he was regarded as the representative of the highest development of the dramatic art. It was a necessity of local pride to admire Warren. He was closer to the people, therefore, than many actors can get in these days. Even Burton, during the memorable though comparatively short term of his supremacy in New York, did not have nearly so large or so faithful a following. In his private life, apart from his professional work, he seems to have exhibited no particularly noticeable qualities. He lived very quietly, and had few intimates. He never married. His existence as plain William Warren was humdrum, but undoubtedly happy. His portly figure and his very evident wig were as familiar to Boston eyes as the Bunker Hill Monument or the gilded dome of the State-House. He had been "Old Warren" more years than the middle-aged Bostonian cares to remember.

Nearly six years elapsed between the retirement of Mr. Warren from the stage and his death, which occurred September 21st, at his home in Boston. He was an actor for a trifle more than half a century, beginning with a performance of Young Norval, in Home's *Douglas*, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, late in 1832, and ending not long after a notable representation of *The School for Scandal* at the Boston Museum, October 18, 1882, arranged to properly mark the close of his fiftieth year of service. Thirty-five of those fifty years were given, as we have said, to Boston. Warren went there in 1846 as a member of a company formed to open a new theatre, the Howard Athenæum, and the next year he went over to the Museum, where he remained continuously, except one year, late in his life, when he tried his fortune as a travelling "star." He was glad to return to his home and his friends.

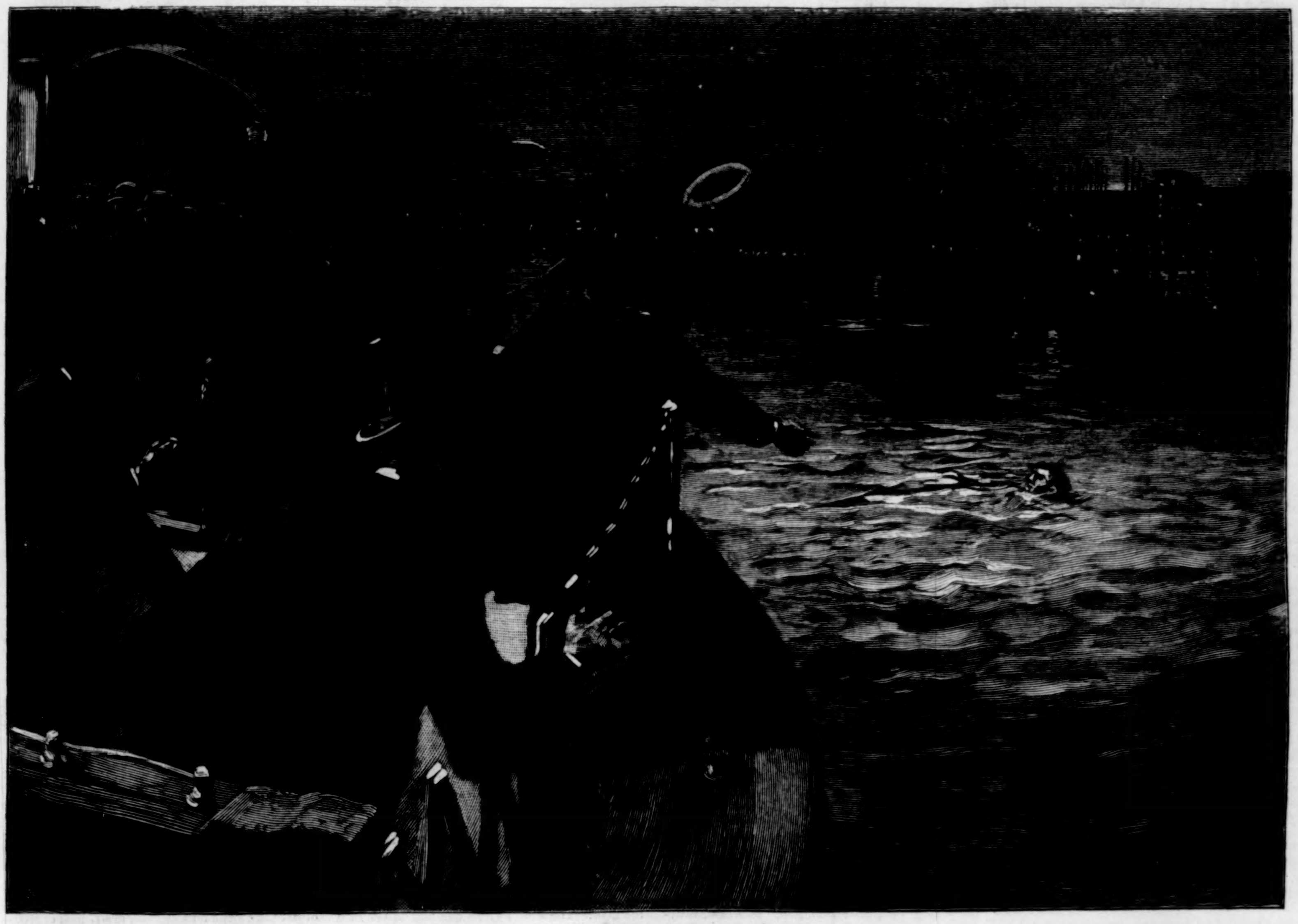
THE LATE WILLIAM WARREN.—Photographed by C. F. Conly, Boston.

Warren made this experiment too late. His talent was vastly superior to that of many actors who have made large fortunes "starring," but he clung to Boston so long that he had got used to Boston ways, and could tolerate no others, and he felt that Boston only could appreciate him. It is not likely that his acting would have been acceptable in all the characters of his enormous repertory to the theatre-goers of the outside world. It grew to be a sort of superstition with Boston folks that whatever Warren did on the stage was right. But he certainly was a comic actor of wonderfully varied powers, very careful in the practice of his art, richly endowed with humor, and capable of giving a fine touch to scenes of pathos. He could have gained, under the right circumstances, the world-wide fame that his cousin Joseph Jefferson has secured. But, after all, his lot was a happy one, and it is not doubtful that he was contented with it. The Museum was always a highly respected theatre. The paintings and statuary and natural history collections on the ground-floor seemed to act as a charm to drive away the moral disrepute that in the eyes of some religious folks attaches itself to the play-house. Strict church-goers and even clergymen, who would not dare to be seen in an ordinary theatre, went to the Museum.

The large influence upon the minds of the public that such an actor as Warren could exert from such a stage can be appreciated after merely glancing at an incomplete list of the many parts he played in his time. The Museum repertory was not limited. Its list of plays ranged from *King Lear* to *Box and Cox*. Warren was identified in the minds of a whole generation of play-goers with many of the comic men of Shakespeare, and with some of the poet's personages who are not comic. He was the Touchstone, the Dogberry, the Launcelot Gobbo, the Autolycus, of all Boston, as well as the Kent and the Polonius. While Scott's romances were still the most popular works of English fiction, he reproduced in flesh and blood upon the stage the grotesque but delightful personalities of Bailie Jarvie, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, and Dominie Sampson, and thousands of Bostonians grew up with the memory of Warren's acting inseparably associated with the absorbing novels of Sir Walter. He illustrated Dickens for countless readers of the great humorist; he became the living embodiment of Cuttle and Micawber, Josiah Bounderby and Mr. Bumble the beadle, Joe Gargery and Joey Ladle, hearty John Browdie and feeble Caleb Plummer. In the old days, in Tom Taylor's dramatization of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, he acted Ephraim Jenkins; more recently, when Mr. Wills's *Olivia* was performed at the Museum, he was Dr. Primrose. In the eighteenth-century comedies his list of parts was varied. He went to the Museum first as low comedian. When he came to have a choice of parts afterward he often clung to those that were previously in his fixed "line." For instance, he was always Bob Acres in *The Rivals*, but he acted Sir Peter in *The School for Scandal*. He played parts identified elsewhere with actors so far apart in style as Burton and Lester Wallack, Henry Irving, Charles Fisher, and James Lewis. In the farcical afterpieces so long in vogue his fun was irresistible. Every good Bostonian will tell you that nothing else was ever so funny as Warren in *Pillicoddy*. The pathos of his acting as Corporal Haversack and Grandfather Whitehead brought tears to many thousands of eyes. As long as he kept at his work he was abreast of the times. He acted in all the Robertson comedies at the Museum, and mastered new parts up to the last year of his service.

Mr. Warren was seventy-six years of age. He was born in Philadelphia, where his father, a renowned actor, was manager of the historical Chestnut Street Theatre. He was trained for mercantile life, however, and did not go upon the stage until after his father's death. His first appearance was made in a performance given for the benefit of his mother. As a matter of course, as he was destined to become one of the famous comic men of his time, his first character was intensely tragic.

Edward A. Dithmar.



MAN OVERBOARD FROM A FERRY-BOAT.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.—[See Page 735.]

FOREST FIRE.

SUMMER heard a hidden locust whirring;
Stooped she to the flowers with a sigh.
"Darlings, come," she said; "we must be stirring.
Hear the herald! Autumn draweth nigh!"

So, her lifted skirt with flowers heaping,
Passed she through the fields and woodland ways.
Tiny creatures, 'tween the bushes peeping,
Saw her go, with sorrow in their gaze.

Laughing, turned she, ere she went, upholding
O'er the land her sun-glass high in air:
Soon was seen a thin smoke veil enfolding
Distant hills and valleys everywhere.

Then she slipped away, with silent laughter,
Ere the spark had quickened into flame.
"Ruddy Autumn swiftly follows after,"
Whispered she, "and he shall bear the blame."

Soon a stealthy yellow flame was creeping
Here and there along a maple bough.
Swift from tree to tree the fire went leaping.
Lo! how all the woods are blazing now!"

CHARLES PRESCOTT SHERMAN.

THE FOLLY OF IT ALL.

A LOVE STORY.

By F. D. JOUETT.

I.

A DULL November sky of a sober uniform gray, except to the far west, where a few gleams of gold betokened the presence of a dying sun; a strong wind blowing the dead leaves down a narrow village street; a group of women at the post-office door talking in loud tones, with that indulgence of personal feeling peculiar to the sex, whether the subject under discussion be a baby or a national difficulty.

"And is that all?" asked one woman of a consumptive-looking old man in the office, who was engaged in folding a newspaper across his knee.

"Ain't that enough?" said another, smartly, before the man could answer. "There ain't nothin' worse than war that I knows of, and it seems to me I've been through nearly everything."

"Run, Sonny, and see who that is," interrupted the first woman, urging a small boy toward the door, as the clattering of a horse's hoofs echoed up the street.

"It's Miss Staunton, ma," answered the small boy, importantly.

"It's a pity Folly Staunton's grandma ain't alive," said his mother, shaking her head with awful significance.

"Why?" asked the old man, idly, as the speaker paused.

"Because her old Yankee pa didn't matter while that fine rebel was alive. He didn't have much of a chance then; but now— I tell you—" She drew a long breath, which terminated in an ominous whistle.

"They do say," answered the old man, with all an invalid's greed of gossip—"they do say that Captain Neville, of the Yankee camp on the river, is mighty perlite to Mr. Staunton, and that the men have orders not to touch a thing on the plantation, from a chicken down to a pine burr."

"I reckon Captain Neville wouldn't be so considerate of Mr. Staunton, Yankee or no Yankee, unless he had a daughter. A cantankerous old invalid can't be so charming all by himself," objected a woman's voice, spitefully.

"I wonder what Mr. Jack Hastings will say to the new friendship," sighed a girl near the door. "He has been in love with Folly all his life."

"He's busy makin' a name for himself," was the answer. "My husband writes that he is the best scout in the army, and the most popular fellow in the Virginia troops."

"After Mr. Staunton's marriage to Miss Page he didn't come back," reminiscenced the old man, fashioning a soldier's cap out of the newspaper, while "Sonny" stood by with friendly, interested hands on the arm of the chair. "He and his wife preferred to live in the North. After three or four years she died, and her baby was sent back here to Mrs. Page. Poor little thing! They called her Folly from the first. I remember her well—the prettiest baby, as light as a fairy, and with the takin'est ways I ever did see."

"Yes," came the ready feminine assent, "and there ain't a young man in this county, nor three or four counties around, that won't say the same to this very day. I should think she'd be satisfied without flirting with all the Yankees that come to rob her country."

"Come, now, come," said the old man, soothingly.

"Umph! I know. Don't tell *me!*"

"When her pa did come back," the old man went on, "he was as helpless as a baby, and had to be nursed by Miss Folly. He hates the South and everything in it but Jack Hastings, who sends him books and newspapers and reads to him for Miss Folly's sake. Then Mrs. Page died, and missy 'ain't had nobody over her since.

"And never will if she can help it," answered a fresh young voice from the doorway, where Miss Staunton had reined in her horse. "My mail, if you please." She tossed her pretty head and looked straight over her horse's ears, as if the group of women were no more to her than the dead leaves on the sidewalk.

"There ain't any mail but this," said a woman, coming forward with a three-cornered note. "A man brought it from the Yankee camp on the river about two hours ago," she added, suspiciously.

"Something for papa," murmured Miss Staunton, blushing guiltily, and thrusting the note in her bosom.

"'Twas addressed to you all the same," answered the woman, defiantly.

"Would you be good enough to acquaint me with the contents?" asked Miss Staunton, with exaggerated politeness. And then she added, in a more reflective tone, "What a pity one can't always procure such conveniences as glue or sealing-wax in camp!"

"I dun know what you mean," said the woman, blushing in her turn.

"There, there; I can't be expected to furnish brains and conversation both." Then, in a more conciliatory tone, with a look implying a common interest in a common danger, a look half sweet, half severe, taking all the sting out of the foregoing words, she asked, "Is there any news of the war?"

"None that may be called news," answered the woman, bitterly. "Little Ned Strong's dead; shot in the breast, they say; and he only turned sixteen last Christmas, and the eldest of four children, and his ma a widder not a month yet. No news," she said, shrilly; "it's only the names as change."

"They ought not to have allowed a child like that to serve," exclaimed Miss Staunton. "It's a shame!"

"It's a pity," said the old man, with a morbid relish of her indignation.

"Is Mrs. Strong at her own house?" asked Folly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Sonny; "and Bobby and Charley are crying like everything in the back yard. Mrs. Smith sent 'em there to play."

Miss Staunton waved to the little group, called to her dog, and galloped down the street.

"I b'lieve she's goin' there," said one woman, craning her neck to catch a last glimpse of Folly's retreating figure. "Yes; I knew it. She ain't as bad as people make out. She's got a feelin' little heart somewhere in that pretty body of hers. Why, when I had the rheumatism she nursed me like I was her mother, and not a kind word would she take from me afterward, sayin' it was only what she ought to have done."

"Yes, and she brought my baby milk for a month when the poor little thing was sick, and cried as much as I did when it died," chimed in a woman who had not yet spoken.

"Why didn't ye say that before?" muttered the old man, whose nerves had not yet recovered from the shock of his last words having been overheard.

"There she goes," said Sonny, "and I b'lieve she's cryin', and I know she's kissin' Bobby."

"Well, her pa ain't her fault," said one woman, sensibly enough; "and she ain't a Yankee, pa or no pa, Captain Neville or no Captain Neville."

With this last most reasonable conclusion the women dispersed, while Miss Staunton pursued her way down the road at a slow pace, seemingly immersed in deep thought. As the horse turned into the plantation road she awoke from her reverie and began to murmur tender nothings to the dog at her side. He responded by frantic jumps and yelps of pleasure, while the horse whinnied and tossed her head, and entreated plainly for her share of the nonsense. A few drops of rain and a prolonged soughing of the wind through the trees brought Folly to herself.

"Ah! the storm has begun," she said, half aloud, looking anxiously at the darkening sky above her. "Fashion, we must hurry. Come, Dirk."

She galloped rapidly along the winding road, and in a few minutes passed the gate and entered the avenue which led up to the dwelling-house. She rode around to the stable, and slipping off her horse, called out, "Sambo!"

"Yes, mistis," answered an old man who came forward hastily from some dark recess near at hand. "Dat 'pears ez ef it mought be you, sho 'nough."

"Looks very much that way, certainly," answered Folly, with a laugh. She then proceeded to give minute directions concerning Fashion's supper, and inquired particularly into the state of Sambo's health, about which nobody had ever been known to obtain a satisfactory answer.

"It's going to rain hard," she said, pausing on her way to the steps.

"It mought, sho 'nough, mistis. Ye never kin tell," said Sambo, speculatively, as he wiped the rain from his face on the back of his sleeve, and struggled with his apron, which fluttered in the wind. "Better go in quick. Yo'r pa done wait fur ye sorter impatient like."

Folly obeyed with a sigh, and sought her room, where, after striking a light, she threw herself into a comfortable chair, and prepared to read the note she had received. It was only a few lines on a soiled scrap of paper, and ran thus:

"RIVER CAMP, *November* 24, 186–.

"DEAR,—I will be with you to-night about ten. Official duty is my excuse. I am on the track of a Confederate scout. I am counting the minutes.

"Sweatheart, thine ever, G. N."

"Impertinent!" she ejaculated, and then sat staring into the fire with wide-open, unseeing eyes.

The tall clock in the hall struck seven in loud, warning tones, and roused her to the necessity of changing her damp riding-habit. She chose from a scantily filled wardrobe a cashmere dress of a rich crimson color, which, though shabby and worn in some places, became her marvellously, setting off the clear brown skin and deep gray eyes, and fitting her slight, immature figure smoothly and perfectly. As she paused before the mirror and surveyed herself, a smile of satisfaction crept into her eyes and awakened the dimples on her cheeks.

"Your ride hasn't done you any harm; you look very well, Miss Staunton," she said, dropping a courtesy to the image in the glass. Then she took the note from her dressing-table and read it out of the corners of her eyes. "It's all papa," she exclaimed, impatiently; but she stuck the note in her belt, and laughed and blushed a little, as if at some happy memory. After another long look at herself and several approving nods and piquant grimaces she crossed the hall to the dining-room, where her father spent his evenings.

"Florence?"

Mr. Staunton rarely called his daughter "Folly." The nickname implied an amount of playful affection which he did not care to countenance.

"Yes, papa," she answered, dutifully, from her seat at the work-table.

Mr. Staunton made an effort to turn his head, but failing, sank back on the mass of skilfully arranged cushions with a groan.

"You have been out. I feel it in the air; I smell the wind and the freshness. Ah!" He drew a long breath, and looked in the fire angrily. "It's a hard life—to be shut out from everything. Any news from the war?"

"Little Ned Strong's dead."

"And who is Ned Strong, and what has his death to do with the war—the great struggle—the grand conflict? Oh, if I only lived in the North!"

Folly looked across at him, curiously, hardly, as if wondering what he was made of.

"Women are all alike. I want news of the war, and you tell me of somebody's death. What interest has this place for me, what claim upon me?"

"None," said Folly, quietly, "except that it happens to be your dead wife's birthplace and your daughter's home."

"The evenings are so long!" he moaned. "If Jack Hastings were not off to the war, or if Captain Neville's camp were only nearer!"

"You are impartial in your attentions," observed Folly, dryly.

"Not any more so than you are, Miss Staunton," said her father, with a sneer. "Put some more wood on the fire."

She left her seat and came over to the fireplace reluctantly. As the light fell upon her dress Mr. Staunton laughed mockingly, and pointed a derisive forefinger at the bit of white lace which nestled about her throat. "So we are to have company to-night? At what hour will Captain Neville arrive?"

Folly made no answer, and he continued laughing. She drew up a low stool, and sat down upon it with an elaborate affectation of nonchalance.

Mr. Staunton watched her for some time before speaking. "Always at work," he said at length, querulously. "Knit! knit! knit! When will it cease?"

Folly knitted on in inexpressive silence. The long needles caught the light and flickered to and fro, and the blue sock grew beneath her deft handling.

"Are those meant for Mr. Hastings?" asked Mr. Staunton. "The color seems to indicate Captain Neville; the size and shape, Mr. Hastings."

"Perhaps I shall divide the honors, give the work to one, and the hand that made the work to another," she answered, pertly.

"Ah, Folly!" insinuatingly, "be reasonable."

"Have I ever been reasonable?" asked Folly, triumphantly. And Mr. Staunton was obliged to admit the lack of precedent.

"Captain Neville not only wants the work, but the hands that did the work."

"Yes? I am not surprised," answered Folly, dropping the sock into her lap and spreading out both small hands with pardonable pride. "But Captain Neville will have to be told that my hands can torture as well as mould, and destroy as well as create. That's only fair." She laughed theatrically.

Mr. Staunton avoided his daughter's gaze. "I doubt whether Mr. Hastings cares enough for your work or your hands to ask for either, even admitting that he has the requisite courage."

Folly closed her teeth with a vicious little snap, while throat, cheek, and brow reddened painfully. "Mr. Hastings—" she began, hastily.

"There, don't catalogue his virtues to me. I agree to anything, everything; but it does not seem to me that Captain Neville is in any way disagreeable to you."

Again the girl colored beneath his keen eyes and sought refuge in her work, while he dozed among his cushions in the silence that ensued. These doubts and sneers and questions were a daily torture to her, and she hated the stupid cruelty which caused them. "I wonder if he knows that it never stops in my own mind? I wonder if he knew would he stop? Are all women alike? Does every girl hate herself in a love affair? I try to be true; I try to be just. Oh, if I only knew myself! oh, if I were only anybody else in the world!" Folly thought, despairingly, as her father's dozing relapsed into a deep sleep. "I am so weak, so uncertain," she went on, watching the shadows as they danced around the room in a mad race after the fitful flashes of light. "I don't know my own mind for two minutes together. If I were only as good as I am pretty! I try so hard to be fair!" She dropped her knitting, clasped her hands over her knees, and sat there, a quaint dejected little figure, while the cat purred drowsily by the fire, too happy to risk perfect unconsciousness of the warmth and comfort by falling asleep.

She sat still a long time, unmindful of her surroundings and the storm which raged in the outside world. The wind shrieked and moaned, tossed huge branches about like silken banners, and shook the earth, and lulled only to begin its mad work again with renewed fury. It was in one of these pauses that a soft scraping sound at the door leading into the yard made itself heard. The cat mewed suggestively to Folly, who left her stool and crossed the room to open the door. The wind swirled the rain in her face and brought the blood to her cheek. Nothing could be distinguished in the darkness, nothing heard through the din of the tempest. She leaned forward and groped at the side of the steps. Her hands struck against a rough head.

"Poor old fellow! poor old Dirk!" she said, coaxingly, "did I leave him out in the rain? Come in and let me love you."

"Dearest, sweetest Folly, you are well worth risking everything for," said a manly voice, and hot human kisses rained on Folly's hands, and the head raised itself and showed a handsome bearded face. Its owner leaped up the steps and entered, and shut the door against the night and the storm. He then braced himself against the wall, and held out both hands to Folly entreatingly, while his eyes melted and laughed and devoured her from head to foot.

"Oh, Jack! how could you?" she exclaimed, regaining her breath and losing her temper, a feat which only made her look prettier, and caused Jack to laugh in the happiest way in the world.

"How couldn't I?" answered Jack. "Why, Folly—"

She raised her finger to her lips, and pointed to the sleeping man by the fire.

"I haven't long to stay," he whispered, with a look of comprehension. "I stopped for refreshment for man and beast, meaning myself and myself. Do you see? I lost my horse this morning through the rascality of those precious River Camp Yankees. I have despatches, and must be off. I am on special duty."

"Go sit by the fire," she answered, in the same low tone. "You must be wet"—extending two dainty fingers toward his coat sleeve. "I will get you something to eat while you dry yourself."

"And refresh the innermost man by looking at you," Jack concluded, obeying her command, and standing with his back to the fire, a dark form enveloped in a cloud of steam. "I am quite an atmosphere all by myself," he went on, looking down at himself with mingled amusement and disgust.

It was very sweet to see her moving about the room so swiftly and silently, and to know that she was doing for him and thinking of his comfort. It was very pleasant to feel that the supper on the shining table, the fire blazing on the hearth, the beautiful face and gracious presence and cheery hospitable room, were all real joys to be his for a time, at least. When the meal was ready he took in all the details of the scene around him with as hearty an appetite as he gave to the food. After the repast was ended Folly removed the plates, swept away the crumbs, and resumed her old seat by the fire, while he stood over her and looked down upon her until the silence seemed to shout the meaning in his eloquent eyes.

"Have you nothing better to do than to stand there gazing at the top of my head?" she said at last, raising her eyebrows severely at the cat.

"Yes; I admit that your face is something better to look at," he returned, promptly. "Folly dear—"

She pushed back her stool impatiently, and raised both hands to her ears as he began to speak.

"Well," he acquiesced, with a rebellious squaring of the chest; "but it is hard that when all a man wants is an answer, he is not allowed to ask his question."

"At a time like this," answered Folly, without the pretence of misunderstanding him, and meeting his eyes with disdainful honesty, "a man's heart and brain should be occupied with his country. Girls! What are girls?"—with intense scorn. "I thought better of you, Mr. Hastings."

At the additional cruelty of being called Mr., Jack looked gloomily into the fire.

"Oh, I wish I were a man!" Folly broke out, desperately, rising from her seat and folding her arms severely across her bosom. "I would let nothing distract me from the war. I would march"—walking up and down the room with her head very high and her lips compressed and her chin up in the air—"and lead my men to the centre of the struggle"—waving her hand majestically toward the cat. "I would be a general, or a captain at least. I'd be something very much greater than a scout or a picket-guard, mooning away my nights under beautiful old trees, by a comfortable fire, thinking about a girl, while all the brave fellows were fighting hard, and dying perhaps, not three miles off."

Jack smiled sadly at the animated little figure, and glanced down at his shoes and clothes as if wondering at their possible suggestion of luxury. "Some day, Folly," he said, "you may come to think better of me. Perhaps you don't know all that passes in that man's mind as he paces under the trees, or how the darkness becomes light when he conjures up one face, and the silence echoes with the tones of one voice, and the thought of one little woman will make him brave enough to face an army." He stopped abruptly, scorning to dilate upon the dangers of his position or the risks he had run.

Folly paused in her walk, and stood near the fire, with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks and heaving bosom.

"I came here to-night, Folly, hoping, fearing—everything. God knows I've been patient. I feel so reverent, dear, so tender. I believe in your wisdom and beauty and goodness and truth so implicitly—"

"That's it," interrupted Folly; "I am not sweet or wise or good or true or anything that you think me. I am a weak, miserable, vacillating girl"—the last in a tone of such contempt that Jack could not help smiling. "I lose my temper, and am rude to papa, and vain. Why, I stand before a mirror for five minutes at a time and think how pretty I am; and I like compliments. Captain Neville told me I was the prettiest girl he knew, and I was delighted, and made him repeat the words, 'the prettiest girl he knew'; think of it, Jack! And let's see"—a pretty look of trouble coming into her face—"I pretended I didn't understand until he had said it three times over."

Jack's face whitened. Perhaps it was the uncertain fire-light which distorted his features into a look of pain.

"Folly," he said, gravely, "if I thought for an instant that you took any pleasure in listening to the impertinent flattery of a man whom you are bound not to recognize by every consideration of honor and patriotism, I would—" He stopped and bit his lip, realizing his mistake, and perhaps all that it had cost him.

Folly turned and confronted him with blazing eyes and glowing cheeks. "That is enough, sir," she said, extending her hand in a dignified little gesture of command. "Spare me the shock of a threat. Although a man whose acquaintance I am bound to reject 'by every consideration of honor and patriotism,' I hardly think that Captain Neville would use such language toward any woman whom he pretended to respect."

"I cannot take back my words," returned Jack, haughtily.

"It would be useless, sir." She dropped him a low courtesy, and straightened herself with a cruel little smile of conscious power.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN AUTUMN FANCY.

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;"
So quaint George Herbert sang of Spring
In verse "where sweets compacted lie."

O happy pair, bright earth, glad sky,
Whose wedding song was sung you then,
I fancy that you sometimes sigh
To live your honey-moon again.

You love this tranquil wedded bliss,
Each in the other made complete;
Yet tell me, do you never miss
The spring-time thrill of rapture sweet?

Is Love's glad story not all told?
Has it a dearer charm for you
Than in sweet wooing days of old?
Have April wishes all come true?

O tell a wistful, wondering maid
Is coming June the charm of May?
Or does the Spring half wish delayed
The perfect, crowning bridal day?

A. V. B.

YELLOW-FEVER.

While readers of the daily papers are anxiously scanning their columns for every item of news regarding the ravages of the yellow-fever in Jacksonville, they are also asking where does this pestilence come from? what are its causes? what the preventives? and how can it be successfully combated? The answers come in the shape of theories and personal experiences that are so strangely contradictory and so widely at variance with each other as to establish the fact that while much is believed, little or nothing is absolutely known, concerning the dread disease. It is believed to have been imported from Africa, and to be indigenous to this continent. It is known to have been epidemic as far north as Quebec, as far south as Montevideo, as far east as Spain, and as far west as Mexico. It is endemic between Charleston on the north, Rio Janeiro on the south, the Barbadoes on the east, and Tampico on the west. Within this area it is perpetually present at one point or another. It is known to have prevailed in Central America in 1596, and among the Indians of New England in 1618.

Many of the best authorities strenuously deny that yellow-fever is indigenous to the United States, and declare every recorded case to have been the direct result of importation. It is certain that the majority of cases can be thus traced, as in the present instance. Jacksonville gets the fever from Tampa, Tampa got it from Key West, and Key West imported it from Havana, where it exists to a greater or less degree at all times.

On the other hand, equally eminent authorities cite cases of malignant yellow-fever appearing spontaneously in localities to which it could by no possibility have been transported from abroad. In his *Memoir on Contagion*, Dr. N. Porter, of Baltimore, gives an example from his personal observation of a deadly epidemic of yellow-fever that swept through a valley in the interior of Pennsylvania during a season of intense heat and prolonged drought. It was traced directly to the numerous stagnant ponds scattered throughout the valley, which emitted a most offensive smell. The greatest mortality prevailed among those dwelling nearest these ponds.

In 1796 the United States troops stationed at Gallipolis, Ohio, were attacked with unmistakable yellow-fever accompanied with black vomit. The source of the malady was clearly traced to a large pond near the barracks. Several years before, an attempt had been made to fill this by felling trees into it and covering them with earth. This plan had been only partially executed, and under the fierce summer sun the quantity of black slimy water, filled with decomposing vegetable matter that was left, readily developed the germs of the disease. The first breeze blowing in the direction of the camp bore them upon its wings, and within ten days half the troops had died of yellow-fever. At that time Gallipolis was a new settlement, and absolutely cut off from communication with either Atlantic or Gulf ports.

Yellow-fever is undoubtedly the offspring of heat, humidity, and filth collected in cesspools, neglected vaults, alleys, yards, or accumulations of decaying animal and vegetable matter. Although all these conditions may be present, and the fever may fail to appear, while it may visit localities apparently free from them, it invariably proves true that among communities exposed to the disease the filthiest are the greatest sufferers. In the present instance, while Jacksonville, having had a year's warning of the approach of the disease, made strenuous efforts to purify herself and arrest the danger, there was one evil that there was not time to remove, and to it the present epidemic is undoubtedly largely due. For many years swampy places, streams, and areas of backwater from the river, within the city limits and beyond them, have been filled in with slabs and sawdust from the many saw-mills of the place. Through this vast accumulation of water-soaked vegetable matter, rapidly decaying beneath the heat of an almost tropic sun, much of which was built upon with houses occupied by the lowest and least cleanly of the city's inhabitants, an invitation to come was extended to the pestilence, and was accepted.

While yellow-fever is no respecter of persons, it carefully discriminates among those offered as its victims, and makes its earliest selections from among the intemperate, the panic-stricken, the overworked, those of bilious temperament, or whose systems are charged with malaria, the high livers, those who attempt to combat it by the use of drugs, and the unacclimated. The cheerful, temperate, moderate livers, whose bodies are sound, and whose minds are free from fear and anxiety, may, by observing the simplest sanitary rules, defy the pestilence almost with impunity. The rules for them to follow are: Abstain from alcohol in every form and from all manner of drugs, bathe frequently, eat moderately, remain in the open air as much as possible between sunrise and sunset, avoid the night air, and sleep high above the ground, for "Yellow Jack" often invades the first floor of a house, and finds it impossible to lift himself higher.

It has been established to the satisfaction of all who have made a careful study of the disease that yellow-fever is infectious but not contagious. A well person entering an infected district will probably contract the disease, but a victim of the fever, if removed to a healthful district, will not transmit the evil to those about him. He may die or may recover, but unless the atmospheric conditions surrounding him are favorable to the development of the fever, it will not spread beyond his bedside. Some of the Jacksonville refugees who have been so humanely received into Hendersonville, North Carolina, may have carried the fever germs in their systems to that point, and may die there, but the inhabitants of that salubrious town need have no apprehensions as to their own safety. Professor Proctor might have died in the Westminster Hotel; to remove him from it through the chill night air when his fever was at its height was to insure a fatal result; but his personal attendants were in no danger, nor were the other guests of the hotel.

This proposition has been proved over and over again in thousands of instances. In 1856 fourteen men who had been landed on Governor's Island, New York, from infected vessels escaped to the city, and visited in its most filthy and densely populated quarters. Nine of them died from yellow-fever, yet none of the citizens contracted the disease. During the terrible epidemic of 1878 in Memphis eight male nurses from other parts of the country were employed in the hospital at Camp Joe Williams, seven miles from the city. After a service of several weeks among patients in all stages of the fever they considered themselves proof against it, and five of them determined to go to the city, where they expected to obtain higher wages. They were fully warned of the danger attending this step, but went, and remained in the city several days. Then, finding no employment, they returned to camp. One of them died on the way back, and the other four died within a few days in the very hospital where they had nursed others. The three nurses who did not visit the city, but remained in camp during the entire epidemic, nursed and buried their companions, but were not attacked by the disease themselves.

Persons from the country and from non-infected districts of the city mingled in the camp with persons from the infected district, often occupying the same tents with them. In every case of this nature the former escaped entirely, while many of the latter died. The camp physicians who visited the city contracted the disease. Those who were equally constant in their ministrations to the sick in camp, and did not visit the city, enjoyed perfect immunity from it. A volume might be filled with the record of similar well-authenticated cases that prove yellow-fever to be non-contagious. If this information could only be spread broadcast over the country, and if panic-stricken communities could only be made to believe it, what an immense amount of suffering might be spared! Not only would the barbarity of shot-gun quarantines be mitigated, but many a refugee who is now refused an asylum in salubrious districts absolutely beyond reach of the fever would be entertained with profit to his hosts and benefit to himself.

In localities subject to the same physical and atmospheric conditions as that in which the pestilence has obtained a foothold non-intercourse with it cannot be enforced too strictly, though it can be done without that brutality which has too often proved itself akin to murder. Thus in all the Gulf States at the present time the establishment of quarantine against Jacksonville is eminently fitting and proper. At the same time there can be no suspicion of danger in allowing car-loads of refugees to pass through these States toward the mountains of Tennessee, North Carolina, or Virginia, and the refusal to grant them an asylum on these salubrious heights can only be dictated by ignorance, cowardice, selfishness, or inhumanity.

Yellow-fever is subject to a law of periodicity, by which its epidemics reach a climax in from forty to sixty days, decline in the same ratio that they have advanced, and finally disappear without regard to climatic conditions or other influences. Thus in New Orleans in 1853 the climax of the epidemic was reached on its fifty-third day; in 1858, on the fifty-sixth day; in 1867, on the fifty-sixth day; and in 1878, on the fifty-seventh day. In Memphis it reached a climax in 1867 on the fortieth day; in 1873, on the fortieth day; and in 1878, on the forty-fourth day. The average duration of these epidemic was ninety days.

Terrible as the present situation in Jacksonville seems and really is, the fever there is, thus far, of a mild form as compared with that of other great epidemics of the same dread disease. Up to this date of writing the death rate is only about 1 in 8 of the cases reported. In New Orleans, in 1853, there were 29,020 cases and 8101 deaths, or 1 in 3.58, which was considered a low rate of mortality. The last epidemic of yellow-fever that visited New York city was in 1822. It broke out on July 10th in Rector Street, and ended November 5th. Such was the terror inspired by it that the entire business portion of the city was deserted. Merchants, insurance companies, and banks transferred their business to Greenwich village. There all the banks occupied temporary structures on one street, which, on that account, bears the name of Bank Street to this day. In the city the infected streets were barricaded, and no one was allowed to leave them. Owing to these harsh measures, and to ignorance of treatment of the disease, the death rate was very high—1 in 1.7, or 243 deaths out of 414 cases.

During the terrible epidemic of 1878 there were 17,600 cases in Memphis out of a population reduced by the exodus of all who could get away to about 19,500. Of these, 5150 died, the ratio of deaths to cases being 1 in 3.3. At that time four Memphis refugees died of the fever in New York, but no person contracted the disease from contact with them, and it did not spread.

The most devastating effects of this dread fever have been witnessed in the West Indies. Here, on the island of St. Lucia, in 1664, out of a population of 1500 soldiers, 1411 were killed by it, or 1 in 1.06 of the whole number. During the following year 200 out of 500 sailors died at the same place; and in 1666, after the island had been heavily regarrisoned, every man, woman, and child of its population of 5000 souls was swept away by the pestilence. In 1794, on the Windward and Leeward Islands, of an estimated population of 12,000 the fever destroyed 6012, or 1 in 2.

The comparatively low death rate in Jacksonville is doubtless due to the efforts taken to put the city in a good sanitary condition last year, to the determined and well-advised measures instituted by its Board of Health at the outset of the epidemic, and continued with unflagging energy, and to an increased knowledge of the nature of the disease and its proper treatment. Although the present situation is distressingly sad, even to those who contemplate it from a safe distance, and a thousandfold more so to the dwellers in the stricken city, it is not without its gleams of light. The brightest of these comes from the fact that the present promises to be the mildest of the great epidemics of yellow-fever on record, which would seem to show that we are learning how to wage war against the destroyer. With improved methods of municipal sanitation, the necessity for which is so sternly enforced by terrible lessons of yellow-fever, may not the time be near at hand when Southern cities will set the plague at defiance equally with their Northern sisters?

THE EPIDEMIC IN JACKSONVILLE.

The winter butterflies, the sportsmen, and the carpet knights who are wont during "the season" to lounge upon the broad porches of the St. James and the Windsor, gazing leisurely and contentedly out upon the gay throng which gives life and color to the Park and the adjacent thoroughfares, would hardly recognize the Jacksonville of to-day. The city is there, to be sure, but all the life and gayety have gone out of it. A certain summer dullness always hangs about it, socially; but now its people have fled, and its business is completely paralyzed. Out of a total population of 35,000, less than 14,000 remain, according to the census recently taken by the Committee on Depopulation, and of these only about 3500 are whites. On July 31st the first case of yellow-fever was reported; in a bulletin issued a week later the Board of Health announced that the disease was rapidly assuming an epidemic form—and then the exodus began.

Although the municipal government still preserves its organization, Jacksonville is practically under the rule of the Citizens' Auxiliary Sanitary Association. The Finance Committee of this body receives all the funds at present being so generously given, and disburses them as directed by the Executive Committee; the Relief Committee has stations at various points from which it distributes supplies to the needy; sanitary guards do a sort of police duty; and in fact this association keeps an eye upon the welfare of the city in every direction.

Since the outbreak of the yellow-fever the number of new cases has averaged twenty-one daily, but has sometimes reached nearly one hundred. At first all patients were isolated; at present they are permitted to remain at their homes, the premises being marked by yellow flags. Those who cannot be properly attended at home are sent either to St. Luke's or to the Sand Hills Hospital. The former is in the eastern portion of the city, and was a private charity until turned over to the County Board of Health about a month ago; the latter is a group of temporary structures situated three miles north of the city in the pine forest. Our illustrations give an excellent idea of the two institutions.

The President of the Board of Health, Dr. Neal Mitchell, has proved himself in this emergency a physician of extraordinary executive ability. He is only thirty-two years old, a native of Jacksonville, a graduate of Amherst and of the Long Island and Bellevue Hospital Medical Colleges, and is now serving his sixth term as President of the Board.

Dr. J. D. Fernandez, himself just recovering from a severe attack of yellow-fever, is in charge of St. Luke's. He is a native of Jacksonville, and received his medical education at the Richmond (Virginia) Medical College, carrying off the highest honor in the class of 1870—the gold medal—a distinction which other aspirants for it yielded with reluctance to a Florida "cracker."

At the Sand Hills, Dr. Sollace Mitchell is in charge. He is a younger brother of the President, and a graduate of Harvard, having taken his medical degree at Bellevue, and afterward spending nearly two years in the famous hospital of that name. He is meeting with marked success in his treatment of the dread disease, and is deservedly popular with all classes. Many patients go both to the Sand Hills and to St. Luke's from choice.

An appeal has been made to the Masonic Knights Templar throughout the country for aid, and it is altogether probable that a hospital will be built by Damascus Commandery at once. Dr. C. H. Mallett is at the head of this movement. He is a native of Maine, and was educated at Cornell University and Harvard Medical College.

A force of several hundred men, mostly negroes, is kept constantly at work in the Sanitary Department. This branch of the Auxiliary Association disburses large amounts of money weekly. Our illustration represents one of the gangs being paid off on a Saturday afternoon. These scenes are about the only enlivening features of street life in Jacksonville at present.

The disease is in general a mild type of yellow-fever, but there are startling exceptions of a most malignant form. The death rate is about one in every eight cases. Promptly and properly treated, the patient will recover in from six to ten days, unless other physical disorders make him an easy prey to the disease. All hopes of stamping out the epidemic have been abandoned. A close hand-to-hand fight with it must of necessity continue until the middle of November.

THE HIPPOPOTAMI IN CENTRAL PARK.

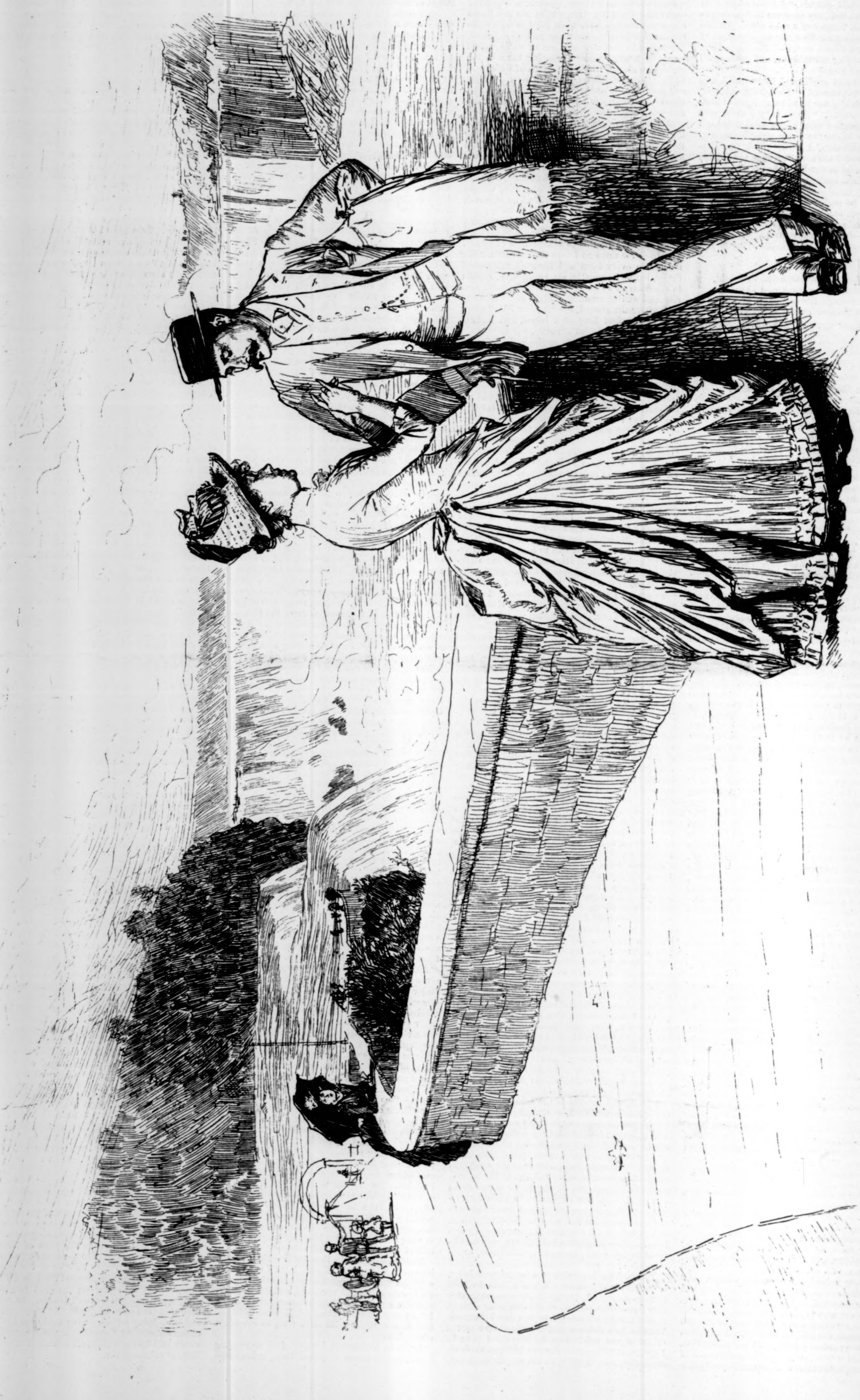
In another place in this week's issue will be found a reproduction of a familiar scene in Central Park: the enclosed tank and ground, with the two hippopotami and the crowd of eager on-lookers—a crowd in which, as the picture shows, young people predominate. The enclosure lies immediately to the north of the old arsenal building, and adjoins another enclosure with tank, more to the east, set apart for the alligators.

In the entire zoological department there is no more attractive spot than that in which those two huge animals feed and disport themselves during the summer months. On Sundays and holidays such is the crowd that it is only with difficulty one can obtain a view of the monsters as they plunge about in the water, or as they air themselves in the open ground adjoining the tank and in the same enclosure. In a few weeks from now, when the cold weather shall have set in, they will be taken to their winter-quarters, where they will remain under cover until the return of the summer months.

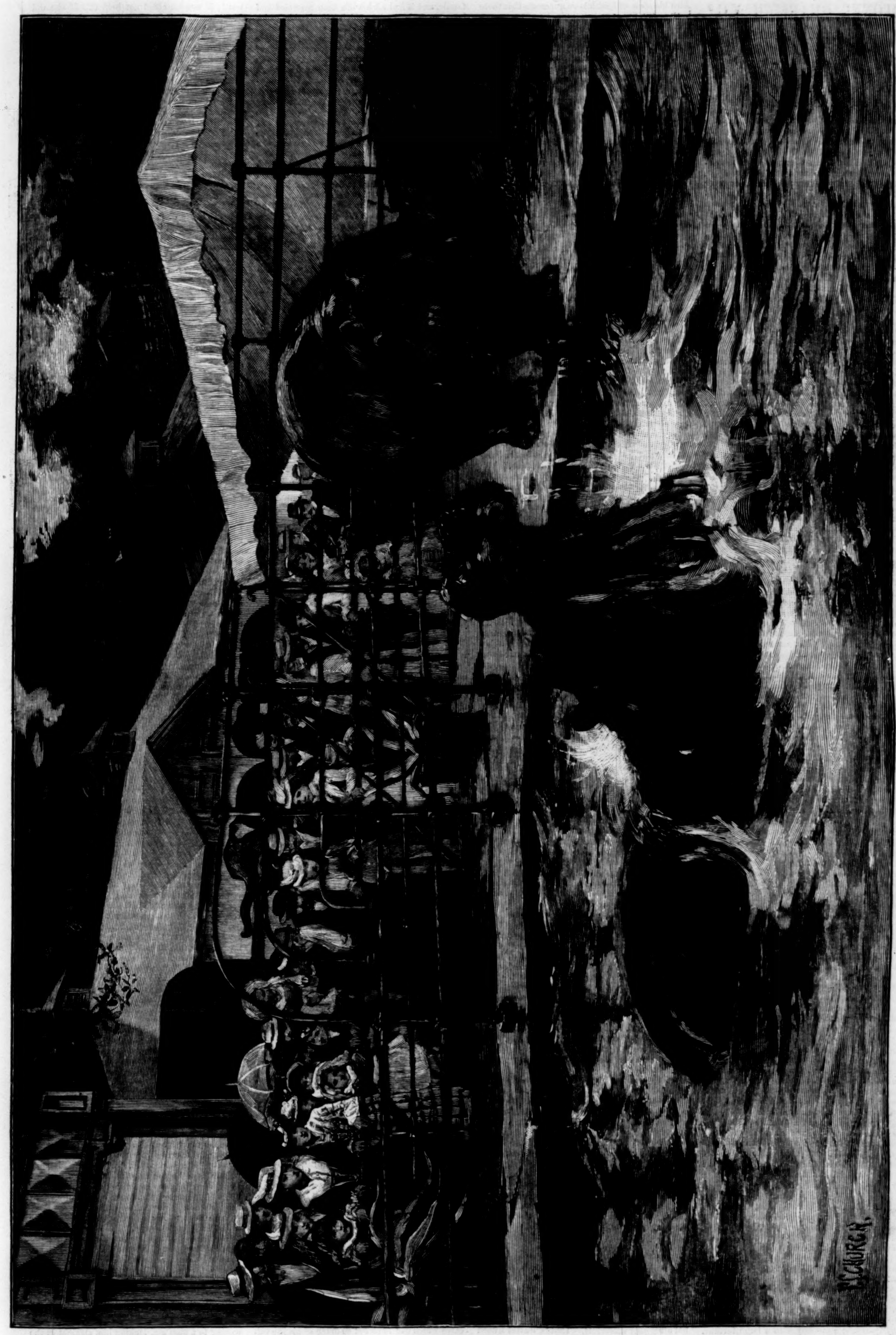
It is hardly wonderful that the hippopotami should prove objects of so much interest and curiosity. The class of animals to which they belong is at once peculiar and rare. The animals grow to an enormous size, the bulk of the body being little inferior to that of the elephant. Its legs, however, being short, it seldom rises above the height of five feet. The neck is short and thick; the head is large and long; the muzzle is something enormous; and when the animal opens his mouth for food, or yawns, revealing the almost cavernous depths of the gullet and the long rows of teeth, it is something fearful to contemplate. The jaws are strong, and Baker tells us that some of them are capable of seizing and crushing large-sized boats. The hippopotami are known as amphibious and gregarious, and they are found only in Africa. It has already been said that they are rare. They were sometimes seen in the spectacular demonstrations of ancient Rome; but modern Europe saw nothing of them till 1850, when a young one was brought to London from the Nile. They are difficult to obtain. They can only be caught when young—in what may be called the baby state—and it is the custom of the hunters to watch the mother, and whenever the young one appears, to kill the parent and capture the offspring. Taken thus early, they are capable of being rendered very docile, becoming playful, and revealing attachment to their attendant or keeper.

The larger or male hippopotamus at Central Park is seven years old. It was imported from the Congo River some five years ago by Carl Hegenbeck, and sold by him to the Cincinnati Zoological Society, from which society it came by purchase into the possession of the Central Park authorities. The female, which is younger and smaller, was brought from the upper Nile by the same importer, Mr. Hegenbeck, and became the property of the Park Commissioners some two years ago. Five thousand dollars were paid for each. Mr. Conklin says that the two get along remarkably well together, but that the female, following the custom of her sex, has a queenly way of asserting her authority and compelling obedience.

In their native state the hippopotami feed mainly on plants which grow in shallow waters. Sometimes they make raids in flocks during the night on the cultivated fields, and do immense damage. The captured young ones, which seldom have an opportunity of tasting their mothers' milk, are reared on the milk of the goat until they are able to take the ordinary or more solid food. Mr. Conklin informs us that to each of the two animals in Central Park is given in summer-time each day six hundred pounds of grass and twenty two-pound loaves. In winter-time they feed upon hay, oats, and bran—the oats and bran being mixed. They eat either in or out of the water. Mr. Conklin has timed them under water, and he finds that four minutes is about the limit of submergence.


C. S. REINHART '88

THEIR BRIDAL TOUR—AT NIAGARA FALLS.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 735.]



THE HIPPOPOTAMI IN THEIR NEW TANK AT CENTRAL PARK.—Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Page 731.]

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "ALLAN QUATERMAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SQUIRE GIVES HIS CONSENT.

EDWARD COSSEY did not come away from the scene of his engagement in a very happy or triumphant tone of mind. Ida's bitter words stung like whips, and he understood, as she clearly meant he should understand, that it was only in consideration of the money advanced that she had consented to become his wife. Now, however satisfactory it may be to be rich enough to purchase your heart's desire in this fashion, it is not altogether soothing to the pride of a nineteenth-century man to be continually reminded by the thought that he is a buyer in the market and nothing but a buyer. Of course he saw clearly enough that there was an object in all this—he saw that Ida, by making obvious her dislike, wished to disgust him with his bargain, and escape from an alliance of which the prospect was hateful to her. But he had no intention of being so easily discouraged. In the first place his passion for the woman was as a devouring flame, eating ever at his heart. In that at any rate he was sincere; he did love her so far as his nature was capable of love, or at any rate he had the keenest desire to make her his wife. A delicate-minded man would probably have shrunk from forcing himself upon a woman under parallel circumstances; but Edward Cossey did not happen to fall into that category, and as a matter of fact such men are rare. Few even among the gentler classes are there who, where women are concerned, will allow delicacy to weigh against their passion or their interest.

Another thing that he took into count was that Ida would probably get over her dislike. He was a close observer of women, in a cynical and half-contemptuous way, and he remarked, or thought that he remarked, a curious tendency among them to submit with comparative complacency to the inevitable whenever it happened to coincide with their material advantage. Women, he argued, have not, as a class, outgrown the recollections of their primitive condition, when their partners for life were chosen for them by lot as the chance of battle. They still recognize the claims of the wealthiest or strongest, and their love of luxury and ease is so keen that if the nest they lie in is only soft enough they will not grieve long over the fact that it was not of their own choosing. Arguing from these premises, therefore, he came to the conclusion that Ida would soon get over her repugnance to marrying him when she found how many comforts and good things marriage with so rich a man would place at her disposal, and would learn to look on him with affection and gratitude as the author of her gilded ease, if for no other reason. And so, indeed, she might have done had she been of another and very common stamp. But, unfortunately for his reasoning, there are members of her sex who are by nature of an order of mind superior to these considerations, and who realize that they have but one life to live, and that the highest form of happiness is *not* dependent upon money or money's worth, but rather upon the indulgence of mental aspirations, and those affections which, when genuine, draw nearer to holiness than anything else about us. Such a woman, more especially if she be already possessed with an affection for another man, does not easily become reconciled to her lot, however quietly she may endure it, and such a woman was Ida De la Molle.

Edward Cossey, on returning to Boisingham on the evening of his engagement, at once wrote and posted a note to the Squire, saying that he would call on him on the following morning on a matter of business. Accordingly, about half past ten o'clock, he arrived and was shown into the vestibule, where he found the old gentleman standing with his back to the fire and plunged in reflection.

"Well, Mr. De la Molle," said Edward, rather nervously, as soon as he had shaken hands, "I do not know if Ida has spoken to you about what took place between us yesterday."

"Yes," he said—"yes, she told me something to the effect that she had accepted a proposal of marriage from you, subject to my consent, of course; but really the whole thing is so sudden that I have hardly had time to consider it."

"It is very simple," said Edward. "I am deeply attached to your daughter, and I have been so fortunate as to be accepted by her. Should you give your consent to the marriage, I may as well say at once that I wish to make the most liberal money arrangements in my power. I will make Ida a present of the mortgage bonds that I hold over this property, and she may put them in the fire. Further, I will covenant on the death of my father, which cannot now be long delayed, to settle two hundred thousand pounds upon her absolutely. Also I shall be prepared to agree, if I have a son, and he should wish to do so, he shall take the name of De la Molle."

"I am sure," said the Squire, turning round to hide his natural gratification at these proposals, "your offers on the subject of settlements are of a most liberal order, and of course, so far as I am concerned, Ida will have this place, which may one day be again more valuable than it is now."

"I am glad that they meet with your approval," said Edward; "and now there is one more thing I want to ask you, Mr. De la Molle, and which I hope, if you will give your consent to the marriage, you will not raise any objection to. That is, that our engagement should not be announced at present. The fact is," he went on, hurriedly, "my father is a very peculiar man, and has a great idea of my marrying somebody with a large fortune. Also his state of health is so uncertain that there is no possibility of knowing how he will take anything. Indeed, he is dying; the doctors told me that he might go off any day, and that he cannot last for another three months. If the engagement is announced to him now, at the best I shall have a great deal of trouble, and at the worst he might, if he happened to take a fancy against it, make me suffer in his will."

"Umph!" said the Squire; "I don't quite like the idea of a projected marriage with my daughter, Miss De la Molle of Honham Castle, being hushed up as though there were something discreditable about it, but still there may be peculiar circumstances in the case that would justify me in consenting to that course. You are both old enough to know your own minds, and the match would be as advantageous to you as it could be to us, for even nowadays a family, and I may even say personal appearance, still go for something where matrimony is concerned. I have reason to know that your father is a peculiar man, very peculiar. Yes, on the whole, though I don't like hole-and-corner affairs, I shall have no objection to the engagement not being announced for the next month or two."

"Thank you for considering me so much," said Edward, with a sigh of relief. "Then am I to understand that you give your consent to our engagement?"

The Squire reflected for a moment. Everything seemed quite straight, and yet he suspected crookedness. His latent distrust of the man, which had not been decreased by the scene of two nights before—for he never could bring himself to like Edward Cossey—arose in force and made him hesitate when there was no visible ground for hesitation. He had, as has been said, an instinctive insight into character that was almost feminine in its intensity, and it was lifting a warning finger before him now.

"I don't quite know what to say," he replied at length. "The whole affair is so sudden—and, to tell you the truth, I thought that Ida had bestowed her affections in another direction."

Edward's face darkened. "I thought so too," he answered, "until yesterday I was so happy as to be undeceived. I ought to tell you, by-the-way," he went on, running away from the covert falsehood in his last words as quickly as he could, "how much I regret that I was the cause of that scene with Colonel Quaritch, more especially as I find that there is an explanation of the story against him. The fact is, I was foolish enough to be put out because he beat me out shooting, and also because—well, I—I was jealous of him."

"Ah, yes," said the Squire, rather coldly, "a most unfortunate affair. Of course I don't know what the particulars of the matter were, and it is no affair of mine, but, speaking generally, I should say, never bring an accusation of that sort against a man at all unless you are driven to it, and if you do bring it, be quite certain of your ground. However, that is neither here nor there. Well, about this engagement. Ida is old enough to judge for herself, and seems to have made up her mind, so, as I know no reason to the contrary, and as the business arrangements proposed are all that I could wish, I cannot see that I have any ground for withholding my consent. So all I can say, sir, is that I hope that you will make my daughter a good husband, and that you will both be happy. Ida is a high-spirited woman, and in some ways a very peculiar woman; but in my opinion she is greatly above the average of her sex, as I have known it, and provided you have her affection, and don't attempt to drive her, she will go through thick and thin for you. But I dare say you would like to see her. Oh, by-the-way, I forgot, she has got a dreadful headache this morning, and is stopping in bed. It isn't much in her line, but I dare say that she is a little upset. Perhaps you would like to come up to dinner to-night."

This proposition Edward, knowing full well that Ida's headache was a device to rid herself of the necessity of seeing him, accepted with gratitude and departed.

As soon as he was gone, Ida herself came down.

"Well, my dear," said the Squire, cheerfully, "I have just had the pleasure of seeing Edward Cossey, and I have told him that, as you seemed to wish it—"

Here Ida made a movement of impatience, but remembered herself and said nothing.

"That as you seemed to wish that it should be so, I had no ground of objection to your engagement. I may as well tell you that the proposals that he makes as regards settlements are of the most liberal nature."

"Are they?" answered Ida, indifferently. "Is Mr. Cossey coming here to dinner?"

"Yes; I asked him. I thought that you would like to see him."

"Well, then, I wish you had not," she answered, with animation, "because there is nothing for dinner except some cold beef. Really, father, it is very thoughtless of you;" and she stamped her foot and went off in a huff, leaving the Squire full of reflection.

"I wonder what it all means?" he said to himself. "She can't care about the man much or she would not make that fuss about his being asked to dinner. She isn't the sort of woman to be caught by the money, I should think. Well, I know nothing about it; it is no affair of mine, and I can only take things as I find them."

And then he fell to reflecting that the marriage was an extraordinary stroke of luck for the family. Here they were at the last gasp, mortgaged up to the eyes, when suddenly fortune, in the shape of a, on the whole, perfectly unobjectionable young man, appears, takes up the mortgages, proposes settlements to the tune of hundreds of thousands, and even offers to perpetuate the old family name in the person of his son, should he have one. Such a state of affairs could not but be gratifying to any man, however unworldly, and the Squire was not altogether unworldly. That is, he had a keen sense of the dignity of his social position and his family, and it had all his life been his chief and laudable desire to be sufficiently provided with the goods of this world to raise the De la Molles to the position which they had occupied in former centuries. Hitherto, however, the tendency of events had been all the other way—the house was a sinking one, and but the other day its ancient roof had nearly fallen about their ears. Now, however, as though by magic, the prospect changed. On Ida's marriage all the mortgages, those heavy accumulations of years, of growing expenditure and narrowing means, would roll off the back of the estate, and the De la Molles of Honham Castle would once more take the place in the country to which they were undoubtedly entitled.

It is not wonderful that the prospect proved a pleasing one to him, or that his head was filled with visions of splendors to come.

As it chanced, on that very morning it was necessary for Mr. Quest to pay the old gentleman a visit in order to obtain his signature to a lease of a bakery in Boisingham, which, together with two or three other houses, belonged to the estate.

He arrived just as the Squire was in the full flow of his meditations, and it would not have needed a man of Mr. Quest's penetration and powers of observation to discover that he had something on his mind which he was longing for an opportunity to talk about.

The Squire signed the lease without paying the slightest attention to Mr. Quest's explanations, and then suddenly asked him when the first interest on the recently effected mortgages came due.

The lawyer mentioned an approaching date.

"Ah," said the Squire; "then it will have to be met; but it does not matter, it will be for the last time."

Mr. Quest pricked up his ears and looked at him.

"The fact is, Quest," he went on, by way of explanation, "that there are—well—family arrangements pending which will put an end to these embarrassments in a natural and a proper way."

"Indeed," said Mr. Quest; "I am very glad to hear it."

"Yes, yes," said the Squire; "unfortunately I am under some restraints in speaking about the matter at present, or I should like to ask your opinion, for which, as you know, I have a great respect. Really, though, I do not know why I should not consult my lawyer on a matter of business. I only consented not to trumpet the thing about."

"Lawyers are confidential agents," said Mr. Quest, quietly.

"Of course they are. Of course, and it is their business to hold their tongues. I may rely upon your discretion, may I not?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Quest.

"Well, the matter is this: Mr. Edward Cossey is engaged to Miss De la Molle. He has just been here to obtain my consent, which, of course, I have not withheld, as I know nothing against the young man—nothing at all. The only stipulation that he made is, I think, a reasonable one under the circumstances, namely, that the engagement is to be kept quiet for a little while on account of the condition of his father's health. He says that he is an unreasonable man, and that he might take a prejudice against it."

During this announcement Mr. Quest had remained perfectly quiet, his face showing no signs of excitement, only his eyes shone with a curious light.

"Indeed," he said; "this is very interesting news."

"Yes," said the Squire. "That is what I meant by saying that there would be no necessity to make any arrangements for the future payment of interest, for Cossey has informed me that he proposes to put the mortgage bonds in the fire before his marriage."

"Indeed," said Mr. Quest; "well, he could hardly do less, could he? Altogether, I think you ought to be congratulated, Mr. De la Molle. It is not often that a man gets such a chance of clearing the encumbrances off a property. And now I am very sorry, but I must be getting home, as I promised my wife to be back for luncheon. As the thing is to be kept quiet, I suppose it would be premature for me to offer my congratulations to Miss De la Molle."

"Yes, yes; don't say anything about it at present. Well, good-by."

CHAPTER XXVI.

BELLE PAYS A VISIT.

MR. QUEST got into his dog-cart and drove homeward, full of feelings which it would be difficult to describe.

The hour of his revenge was at hand. He had played his cards and he had won the game, and fortune with it, and his enemy lay in the hollow of his hand. He looked behind him at the proud towers of the castle, reflecting as he did so that in all probability they would belong to him before another year was over his head. At one time he had earnestly longed to possess this place, but now this was not so much the object of his desire. What he wanted now was the money. With thirty thousand pounds in his hand he would, together with what he had, be a rich man, and he had already laid his plans for the future. Of the Tiger he had heard nothing lately. She was cowed, but he well knew that it was only for a while. By-and-by her rapacity would get the better of her fear, and she would recommence her persecutions. This being so, he came to a determination—he would put the world between them. Once let him have this money in his hand and he would start his life afresh in some new country; he was not too old for it, and he would be a rich man, and then perhaps he might get rid of the cares which had rendered so much of his life valueless. If Belle would go with him, well and good; if not, he could not help it. If she did go, there must be a reconciliation first, for he could not tolerate the life they lived any longer.

In due course he reached the Oaks and went in. Luncheon was on the table, at which Belle was sitting. She was, as usual, dressed in black, and beautiful to look on; but her round, babyish face was pale and pinched, and there were black lines beneath her eyes.

"I did not know that you were coming back to luncheon," she said; "I am afraid there is not much to eat."

"Yes," he said. "I finished my business up at the castle, so I thought I might as well come home. By-the-way, Belle, I have a bit of news for you."

"What is it?" she asked, looking up sharply, for something in his tone attracted her attention and awoke her fears.

"Your friend, Edward Cossey, is going to be married to Ida de la Molle."

She blanched till she looked like death itself, and put her hands to her heart as though she had been stabbed.

"The Squire told me so himself," he went on, keeping his eyes remorselessly fixed upon her face.

She leant forward, and he thought she was going to faint, but she did not. By a supreme effort she recovered herself and drank a glass of sherry which was standing by her side.

"I expected it," she said, in a low voice.

"You mean that you dreaded it," answered Mr. Quest, quietly. He rose and locked the door and then came and stood close to her and spoke:

"Listen, Belle. I know all about your affair with Edward Cossey. I have proofs of it, but I have forborne to use them, because I saw that in the end he would weary of you and desert you for some other woman, and that would be my best revenge upon you. You have all along been nothing but his toy, the light woman with whom he amused his leisure hours."

She put her hands back over her heart but said never a word, and he went on:

"Belle, I did wrong to marry you when you did not want to marry me, but, being married, you have done wrong to be unfaithful to your vows. I have been rewarded by your infidelity, and your infidelity has been rewarded by desertion. Now I have a proposal to make to you, and if you are wise you will accept it. Let us set the one wrong against the other; let both be forgotten. Forgive me, and I will forgive you, and let us make peace—if not now, then in a little while, when your heart is not so sore, and go right away from Edward Cossey and Ida de la Molle and Honham and Boisingham, into some new part of the world, where we can begin life again and try to forget the past."

She looked up at him and shook her head mournfully, and twice she tried to speak and twice she failed. The third time the words came.

"You do not understand me," she said. "You are very kind and I am very grateful to you, but you do not understand me. I cannot get over things so easily as I know most women can; what I have done I never can undo. I do not blame him altogether—it was as much or more my fault than his—but having once loved him I cannot go back to you or any other man. If you like I will go on living with you as we live, and I will try to make you comfortable, but I can say no more."

"Think again, Belle," he said, almost pleadingly. "I dare say that you have never given me credit for much tenderness of heart, and I know that you have as much against me as I have against you. But I have always loved you, and I will make you a good husband if you will let me."

"You are very good," she said, "but it cannot be. Get rid of me if you like and marry somebody else. I am ready to take the penalty of what I have done."

"Once more, Belle, I beg you to consider. Do you know what kind of man this is for whom you are giving up your life? Not only has he deserted you, but do you know how he has got hold of Ida de la Molle? He has, as I know well, *bought* her. I tell you he has bought her as much as though he had gone into the open market and paid down a price for her. The other day Cossey & Son were going to foreclose upon the Honham estates, which would have ruined the old gentleman. Well, what did your young man do? He went to the girl, who hates him, by-the-way, and is in love with Colonel Quaritch, and said to her, 'If you will promise to marry me when I ask you, I will find the thirty thousand pounds and take up the mortgages.' And on those terms she agreed to marry him. And now he has got rid of you and he claims her promise. That is the history. I wonder that your pride will bear such a thing. By Heaven, I would kill the man."

She looked up at him curiously. "Would you?" she said; "it is not a bad idea. I dare say it is all true. He is worthless. Why does one fall in love with worthless people? Well, there is an end of it, or a beginning of the end. As I have sown, so must I reap;" and she got up, and unlocking the door, left the room.

"Yes," he said aloud, when she had gone, "there is a beginning of the end. Upon my word, what between one thing and another, unlucky devil as I am, I had rather stand in my own shoes than in Edward Cossey's."

Belle went to her room, and sat thinking, or rather brooding, sullenly. Then she put on her bonnet and cloak and started out, taking the road that ran past Honham Castle. She had not gone a hundred yards before she found herself face to face with Edward Cossey himself. He was coming out of a gunsmith's shop, where he had been ordering some cartridges.

"How do you do, Belle?" he said, coloring up and lifting his hat.

"How do you do, Mr. Cossey?" she answered, coming to a stop and looking him straight in the face.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1646.

"Where are you going?" he asked, not knowing what to say.

"I am going to walk up to the castle to call on Miss De la Molle."

"I don't think you will find her. She is in bed with a headache."

"Oh! So you have been up there this morning?"

"Yes. I had to see the Squire about some business."

"Indeed!" Then, looking him in the eyes again, "Are you engaged to be married to Ida?"

He colored up; he could not prevent himself from doing so. "No," he answered. "What makes you ask such a question?"

"I don't know," she said, laughing a little; "feminine curiosity, I suppose. I thought that you might be. Good-by." And she went on, leaving Edward Cossey to the enjoyment of a very peculiar set of sensations.

"What a coward!" said Belle to herself. "He does not even dare to tell me the truth."

Nearly an hour later she arrived at the castle, and asking for Ida, was shown into the drawing-room, where she found her sitting reading.

Ida rose to greet her, not without warmth, for the two women, although they were at the opposite poles of character, had a friendly feeling for each other.

In this way they were both strong, and strength always recognizes and respects strength.

"Have you walked up?" asked Ida.

"Yes; I walked on the chance of finding you. I wanted to speak to you."

"Yes?" said Ida. "What is it?"

"This. Forgive me, but are you engaged to be married to Edward Cossey?"

Ida looked at her in a slow, stately kind of way, which seemed to ask by what right she came to question her. At least so Belle read it.

"I know that I have no right to ask such a question," she said, with humility, "and of course you need not answer it; but I have a reason for asking."

"Well," said Ida, "I was requested by Mr. Cossey to keep the matter secret; but he appears to have divulged it. Yes, I am engaged to be married to him."

Belle's beautiful face turned a shade paler, if that was possible, and her eyes hardened.

"Do you wonder I ask you this?" she said. "I will tell you, though probably when I have done so you will never speak to me again. I am Edward Cossey's discarded mistress," and she laughed bitterly enough.

Ida shrank a little and colored, as a pure and high-minded woman naturally does when she is for the first time suddenly brought into actual contact with impurity and passion.

"I know," went on Belle, "that I must seem a shameful thing to you; but, Ida, good and cold and stately as you are, pray God that you may never be thrown into temptation; pray God that you may never be married almost by force to a man whom you hate, and then suddenly know what a thing it is to fall in love, and for the first time feel your life awake."

"Hush!" said Ida, gently; "what right have I to judge you?"

"I loved him," went on Belle—"I loved him passionately, and for a little while it was as though heaven had opened its gates, for he used to care for me a little, and I think he would have taken me away and married me afterward, but I would not hear of it, because I knew it would ruin him. He offered to once, and I refused, and within three hours of that I believe that he was bargaining for you. Well, and then it was the old story, that he fell more and more in love with you, and of course I had no hold upon him."

"Yes," said Ida, moving impatiently; "but why do you tell me all this? It is very painful, and I had rather not hear it."

"Why do I tell you? I tell you because I do not wish you to marry Edward Cossey. I tell you because I wish him to feel a little of what I have to feel, and because I have said he should *not* marry you."

"I wish that you could prevent it," said Ida, with a sudden outburst. "I am sure you are quite welcome to Mr. Cossey so far as I am concerned, for I detest him, and I cannot imagine how any woman could ever have done otherwise."

"Thank you," said Belle, "but I have done with Mr. Cossey, and I think I hate him too. I know that I did hate him when I met him in the street just now and he told me that he was not engaged to you. You say that you detest him; why, then, do you marry him—you are a free woman?"

"Do you want to know?" said Ida, wheeling round and looking her visitor full in the face. "I am going to marry him for the same reason that you say caused you to marry—because I must. I am going to marry him because he lent me money on condition that I promised to marry him; and as I have taken the money, I must give him his price, even if it breaks my heart. You think that you are wretched; how do you know that I am not fifty times as wretched? Your lot is to lose your lover, mine is to have one forced upon me and endure him all my life. The worst of your pain is over, all mine is to come."

"Why! why!" broke in Belle. "What is such a promise as that? He cannot force you to marry him, and it is better for a woman to die than to have to marry a man she hates, especially," she added, meaningly, "if she happens to love another man. Be advised by me; I know what it is."

"Yes," said Ida, "no doubt it is better to die, but death is not so easy. As for the promise, you do not seem to understand that no gentleman or lady can break a promise in consideration of which they have received money. Whatever he has done, and whatever he is, I must marry Mr. Cossey, so I do not think that we need discuss the subject any more."

Belle sat silent for a minute or more, and then, rising, said that she must go. "I have warned you," she added, "although to warn you I have had to put myself at your mercy. You can tell the story and destroy me if you like. I do not much care if you do. Women such as I get reckless."

"You must understand me very little, Mrs. Quest" (it had always been Belle before, and she winced at the changed name), "if you think me capable of such conduct. You have nothing to fear from me."

She held out her hand, but in her humility and shame Belle went without taking it, and through the angry sunset light walked slowly back to Boisingham, and as she walked there was a look upon her face that Edward Cossey would scarcely have cared to see.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEDGED IN.

Fair are the boundaries which Nature lays
Among the grain fields, o'er the pastured hills,
And through old gardens where the sunlight thrills,
To mark the parting of the seasons' ways,
Setting fair hedges round the realm of each.
No need to question whose the sweet-breathed reign
When standing in the lilac-bound domain
Of Spring. No need to question as we reach
The mornings, when our steps are softly stayed,
Where wild sweetbriers in low thickets stand,
With blossom-covered arms, to fence the land
Of Summer. Now, when o'er the hills are laid
Long plumèd lines of golden-rod, we know
The bugle-cry of Autumn soon shall blow.

Lucy E. Tilley.

THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

It is a tempered realism that renders Mr. Reinhart's sketches so pleasantly suggestive. This is none of your diaphanous, lackadaisical brides. The young wife takes her happiness in a quiet, sensible manner. She accepts the new situation in her life, not in a commonplace way, however, though properly chary of exhibiting sentimentality. She has eschewed extravagances of toilet. The magnificences of her trousseau are held in reserve. It ought to be the first half-week of their honey-moon, for they have reached Niagara Falls by easy stages.

They are already some little acquainted with one another's ways. It was a censorious person who wrote that "the real trials of the married occur during the first twelve months." If young people to their love, faith, and trust would only add a modicum of concession, then the opinion of that cynical philosopher would come to naught.

Our artist draws an American woman and an American man as does Du Maurier his own insular types. Of the two, Mr. Reinhart has the bolder, freer hand. Because our country is so vast, Mr. Reinhart need not restrict himself as to latitude. The pretty bride, then, may be from Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Savannah, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York; the husband, from the North, South, East, or West. If she is well bred, so is he. She might be an *élégante*, and he fastidious as to the get-up of his clothes, but their display may be for other and more stilted occasions.

You never can tell what they might have been saying. It might be difficult to talk in a whisper, so as to be understood, while Niagara is roaring. The neat unobtrusive sentiment indicated by Mr. Reinhart is in the by-play. If the bride prides herself on anything it is on being *bien gantée*. The right-hand glove has a wrinkle, and it is with a dimpled left hand, with the taper fingers, that she tries to smooth out the crease. As the sun flashes, the husband sees the broad gold band on her finger. That ring is even yet a trifle strange to her. To him it is the fairest hand in the world, and so precious is the gift she has made him of her own sweet self that he is rather awed than otherwise.

Then Mr. Reinhart introduces one more figure. Though small, it is by no means insignificant. That damsel leaning over the stone parapet ought to be looking at the whirlpool; but she is not. At a single glance she has taken in the situation. Her attention is riveted. She knows exactly what are the precise conditions. Though the two had fancied that they would escape observation, they were utterly mistaken. Never on such an occasion is there jealousy on the part of the eavesdropper. No. It is not vulgar curiosity, but honest sympathy, and so the young lady near the parapet wishes them all future happiness.

MAN OVERBOARD FROM A FERRY-BOAT.

Probably very few of the millions of people who year after year use the ark-like, monotonous craft which ply between New York and the surrounding shores have any idea of the amount of patient care, experience, and skilful navigation required to convey them about in safety on waterways threaded with powerful currents, crowded with vessels of all kinds, often obscured by heavy fogs, and sometimes lashed by the demon of the hurricane, or locked fast in the paralyzing embrace of King Frost. Nowhere in the world is the ferry traffic of a great and composite city carried on with such marked immunity from serious disaster as on the East and North rivers, so that the passenger may truthfully be said to be safer in transit by water than when facing the multifarious dangers of our obstructed and ill-regulated streets. Only now and again does the shock of a collision cause a flurry on the ferry-boat, and afford the passenger a fleeting glimpse of the perils by which he is constantly surrounded, but which ordinarily are so carefully hidden from his view. Very rarely does that terrible cry of "Man overboard!" remind him how narrow is the margin between life and death to his species when afloat on that treacherous element which he daily traverses without a thought of his liability. Sometimes it is a case of "one more unfortunate," weary of life's troubles, who voluntarily takes the desperate plunge into the unknown; sometimes—especially before the introduction of the movable iron gate—an intoxicated or careless person standing too near the unguarded edge has stumbled or been inadvertently pushed off by the dense crowds behind; and sometimes the fatuous horse-play of a party of jovial young men, who recklessly perched themselves on the rail as they were returning home at night, has ended in one of them falling overboard.

"Man overboard!" How the sound thrills through one's nerves, and how madly the passengers rush to the vessel's side, with low hurried murmurs, and eyes staring out into the darkness! The engine has stopped working, the huge paddles have ceased their churning, and all is deathly still for a moment, when suddenly some one shouts out, "There he is!—see yonder, to the right!" and all eyes are turned in the direction indicated, where on the dancing water the head of the struggling unfortunate is momentarily seen barely above the surface. Well now for him if he can swim, or at least retain presence of mind for a critical moment; for, see, one of the deck hands, a steady-nerved, keen-eyed old fellow, dashes forward to the place where a life-belt is kept ready attached to a line for just such a contingency, and jumping on the rail, he steadies himself by grasping with his left hand the side of the cabin vestibule, while with his right he flings the precious apparatus far out on the water. For a moment there is breathless suspense, broken at last by the cheerful cry of, "Got it, by Jove!" "Haul away!" and soon, amid an outburst of loud talk, which is not unmingled with merriment—so easy is the transition from the grave to the gay—the frayed and rumpled morsel of humanity is dragged dripping on deck, not much the worse for wear. His is one of the fortunate cases, however; sometimes the unhappy wretch is carried away by the force of the stealthy current, and overwhelmed by the heavy swell as the boat glides on, disappears in the gloom, with a despairing shriek, before anything can be done to rescue him.

CUNEIFORM TABLETS IN EGYPT.

The progress of archæological research in our days is bringing a distant past ever nearer and nearer to us. With every year, almost, a new page is restored to the annals of mankind, and as one discovery after the other is heralded, the picture of the ancient world grows clearer in detail, and at the same time assumes ever larger and larger dimensions. We read on monuments and stones of nations who trod the boards and played their part before Greece was born; of empires compared with which Rome appears a modern creation. Instead of making ancient history begin, as the school-books not so very long ago did, with Cyrus, it would now be more appropriate to select the foundation of the Persian Empire as the termination for that history, since, in truth, that event marks the passing away of an age which differs as decidedly from the one that followed as ours does, in turn, from its predecessors—an age of which the chief representatives may be said to be Mesopotamia and Egypt. A recent discovery is of more than ordinary interest as throwing a quite unexpected light upon the relations that existed over three thousand years ago between these two countries.

Early in the spring some fellaheen working at Tel el Amarna—a village in Upper Egypt, on the right bank of the Nile, and occupying the site of an ancient Egyptian city—came across a considerable number of small clay tablets covered with writing in the peculiar cuneiform character. The announcement, naturally, caused no little commotion in scholarly circles, and as a result of rather protracted negotiations, the Berlin Museum has been fortunate enough to secure one hundred and sixty of these tablets. The mere existence of cuneiform inscriptions in Egypt of undoubted authenticity, and whose antiquity is attested by their having been found in the remains of a city begun to be built, as we know from other sources, by King Amenophis IV., and abandoned soon after his death, about 1500 years before our era—this in itself is a fact of the very highest significance, but interest in the discovery is greatly enhanced by the contents of these tablets, which, upon examination, turn out to be of supreme historical value. They form part of the official correspondence in the days of Amenophis IV., being letters addressed to the king from Burnaburiash, the King of Babylonia, from Dushratta, the King of Mitanni (a district to the northeast of Mesopotamia), and from various other persons who are probably vassals or high dignitaries in the service of the Pharaoh.

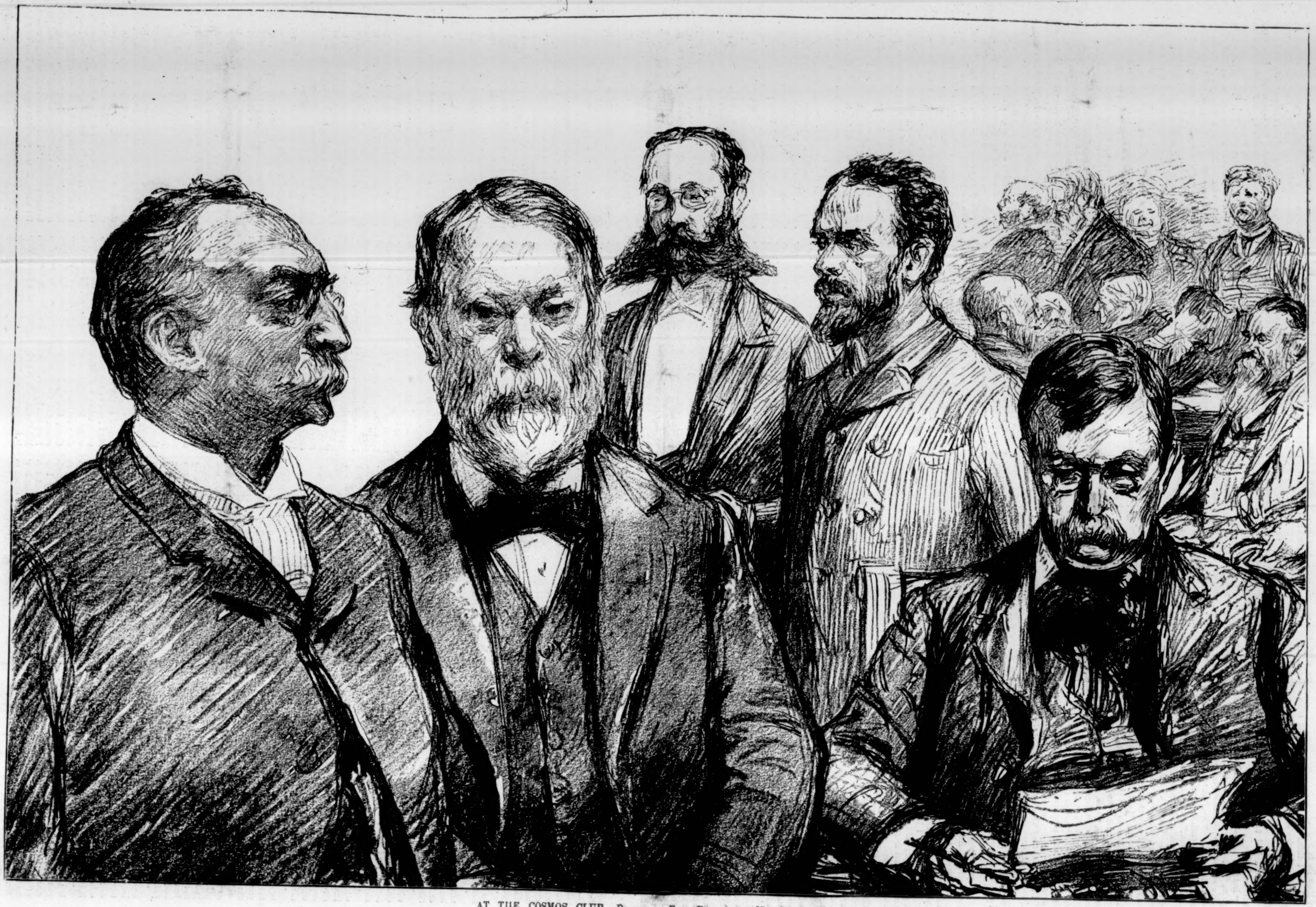
From the Egyptian annals, as well as from the cylinders deposited by the Assyrian kings in their palaces, we already knew that the empires which once flourished in the land of the Nile and the land "of the two rivers" had at an early period come into hostile conflict with one another. Thus, Thotmes I., who preceded the above-mentioned Amenophis by fully one hundred years, speaks of having penetrated to the land of "Naharina," and of having imposed a tribute, among others, upon the King of Assyria. The tables are turned in the twelfth century, when Tiglethpileser I., one of the greatest of the Assyrian kings, undertakes a military campaign against Egypt, which he describes at great detail. From this time on there are frequent collisions, which continue, though interrupted by long intervals of peace, till the final destruction of the Assyrian Kingdom by her old rival and neighbor to the south, Babylonia. It is to be regarded as a particularly fortunate circumstance that the tablets recently discovered supplement our knowledge of ancient international polity by telling us something of the relations which existed between Egypt and this very Babylonia. Contemporaneous with the Assyrian dynasty in the north of Mesopotamia, to which Thotmes I. has reference, there ruled in the south a set of kings commonly known as Cossaeans, who had invaded the land from the east, and had wrested the sceptre from the hands of the native Babylonian chieftains. It is from one of these Cossaean kings, Burnaburiash, that, among the tablets, five letters have been found addressed to Amenophis IV. The picture here is quite a different one to that unfolded by the relations between Egypt and Assyria. Conformably to the general character of the Babylonians and of Babylonian rulers, who were far less warlike than the Assyrians, we find the two monarchs on the most friendly terms with each other.

In these letters Burnaburiash sends cordial greetings to his royal brother, refers to the presents which he has forwarded, in return for which Amenophis confirms the old agreements between the two countries, and by way of confirming their friendship it appears that Pharaoh—much like the heads of royal houses in our days—has offered Burnaburiash an Egyptian princess for a wife. It is not difficult to find the political reason for this demonstrative display of friendship. Babylonia at this time was hard pressed by the Assyrian monarchs, and it was natural for the Cossaeans to look to Egypt as a support in the coming conflict, which, despite all efforts, however, ended in the complete overthrow of the Cossaean dynasty, and in the loss for a time of the political independence of Babylonia. By far the larger number of the tablets, however, are addressed to Amenophis, father and son, by a ruler of whom up to the present nothing whatsoever was known. It is Dushratta, styling himself the King of Mitanni, which appears to be only another name for the province Naharina, roughly represented by modern Kurdistan. Dushratta seems to stand on a different footing with the rulers of Egypt from Burnaburiash, for to all appearances it is the Egyptian who seeks the friendship of Dushratta—perhaps as an ally against a planned attack upon Assyria—and asks for the hand of Dushratta's daughter. Most of the letters refer to this union between the two families, to which, by-the-way, Egyptian sources also refer. The terms in which these ancient rulers addressed each other resemble in their bombastic style those employed in royal households in our own days to a striking degree. One begins: "To Nimmurija [a surname of Amenophis III.], the great King, the King of Egypt, my brother, my son-in-law, whom I love and who loves me;" speaks as follows: "Dushratta, King of Mitanni, thy brother, thy son-in-law, whom thou lovest and who loves thee. Peace to me, peace to my brother and son-in-law, peace to thy house, to thy consorts, thy nobles, thy people, to thy chariots, thy horses, thy land."

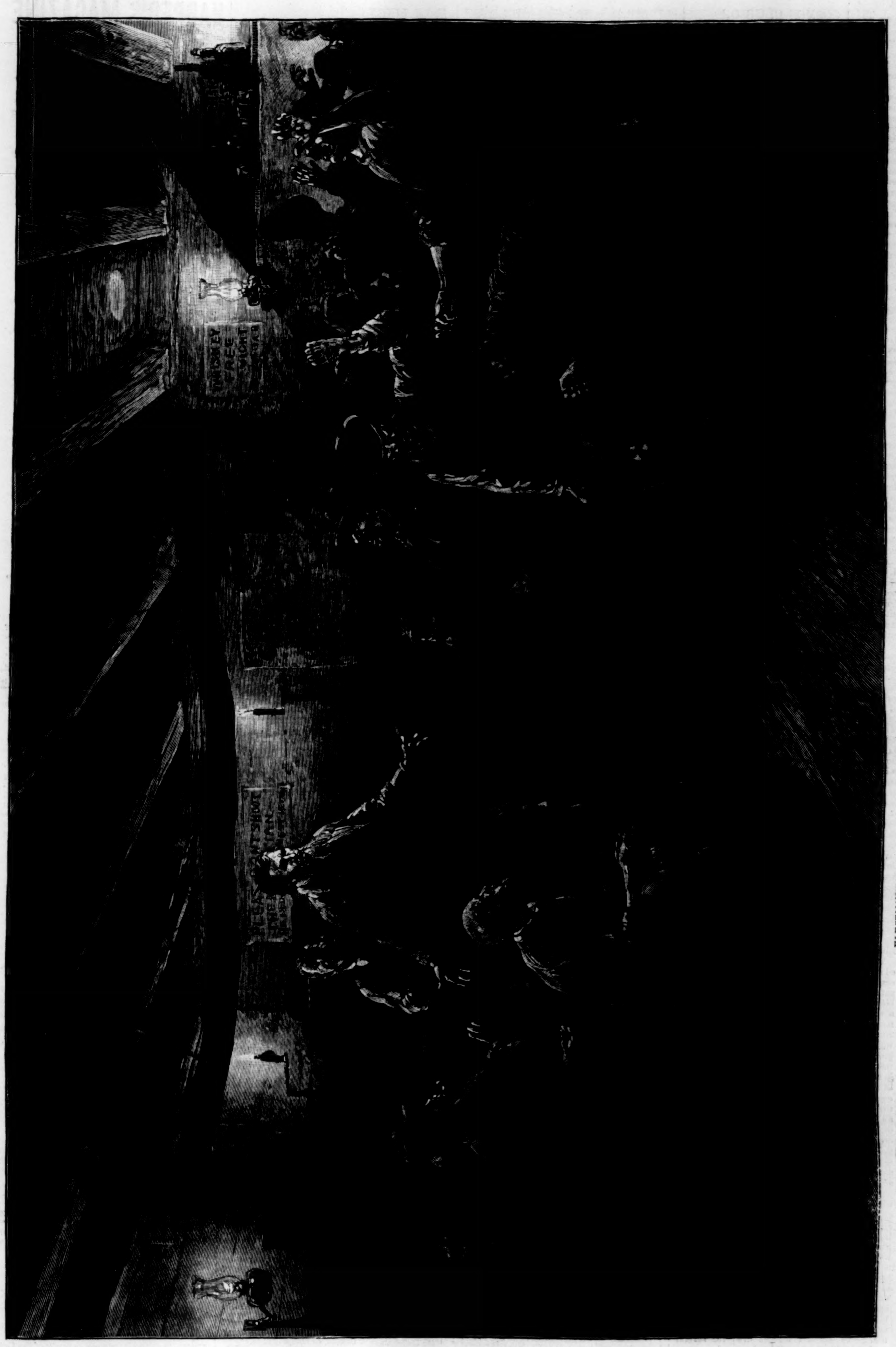
That these letters served a practical purpose is shown by an Egyptian word signifying "read," which was found written on a number of them. This mark was intended by the official intrusted with these documents to signify that the matter referred to in the letter had been disposed of. We may be permitted to conclude from this that there were persons in Egypt versed in the Assyro-Babylonian language, and able to read the cuneiform characters, and it has been further supposed, from the fact that Dushratta as well the other officials couch their correspondence with the king in Assyro-Babylonian also, that this language served as the language of diplomacy in ancient days, occupying the same position as French in modern times. However this may be, it will be seen that these cuneiform tablets further extend for us the horizon of the ancient world, and since it is more than probable that the soil of Egypt harbors more treasures of this kind, they are also rich, apart from their intrinsic importance, in the promise they hold out for the future.

ELECTIONEERING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The saloon shakes to its centre. But the topic is engrossing, and politics are conducive of exhilaration outside of any particular section of the United States. The speaker, mounted on a packing-box, addresses the crowd. Evidently he is among his constituents. They are carried away by their enthusiasm. It might be free whiskey and the eloquence of the speaker combined which induce the group on the right-hand side of the picture to express its unbounded delight. "Them's my sentiments!" comes with a greater amount of conviction when yelled at the top of a man's voice with a double shuffle thrown in. A speaker's words are further emphasized when Bill bonnets Jack with a playful yet heavy hand. The canvasser assorts his language to the understanding of his listeners. It is a campaign rally. Some of the miners have tramped a hundred miles, bent on saving their country and imbibing gratuitous whiskey. There are pauses in the performance, when the man at the melodic machine discourses sweet music. If, after all, this scene is not exactly like that assembled wisdom which meets at Washington, it is a reflection of it. Mr. Lowell says, "The dangers of popular oratory are always great," and he deprecates what he designates as "the extemporaneous." We are not to suppose that the oratory on this particular occasion is studied, but you may be quite certain that there is a fair amount of good common-sense in the speaker's words. There are no other methods of assemblage than those which the saloon affords. It may be a crude way these Rocky Mountain miners and trappers have of asserting their individuality, but their independence is shown, and the germ of a higher civilization planted just in this manner. From chaos in time order comes. So when, in the years to come, the Territory becomes the State, the speaker whose rostrum was a dry-goods box planted in a drinking saloon may assume with dignity the gubernatorial chair.



AT THE COSMOS CLUB.—Drawn by Paul Renouard.—[See Page 738.]


WHISKEY
FREE
NIGHT

ELECTIONEERING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—From a Sketch by Alfred Mitchell.—[See Page 735.]

THE COSMOS CLUB OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

The irreverent visitor in Washington who wrote home about an hour passed with "the bug club on Lafayette Square" had merely happened to be introduced at the Cosmos Club on an evening when the entomological contingent was out in unusual force, and overheard a debate on the classification of a curious insect which one of the members had received in his afternoon mail. For bugs are by no means the only objects in nature with which the Cosmos concerns itself. Its interests embrace practically everything in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth. Would you discuss astronomy? Here are Professor S. P. **Langley**, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; Professor J. R. **Eastman**, of the Naval Observatory; Professor **William Harkness**, whom M. **Renouard** has sketched in the club group, sitting with his eyes looking into those of the reader; and Professor **Simon Newcomb**, who will leave star-gazing, if you choose, and give you the results of the latest experiments in psychology, or write for you an admirable essay on the wages question. Would you dip into the wonders of geology? Here are Major J. W. **Powell**, who appears at the extreme right of the group and in the background, with his beard drooping on his breast; S. F. **Emmons**; G. K. **Gilbert**; **Arnold Hague**; **Marcus Baker**; and Captain C. E. **Dutton**, who can explain to you all the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, as well as the constitution of the earth's crust in which they occur. Does your taste tend toward ethnology? Here again we have a specialty of Major **Powell**; and from him you may pass to Colonel **Garrick Mallory**, who will demonstrate for you his theory that there are more Indians to-day in America than there were when the continent was discovered; or to Dr. J. S. **Billings**, Director of the Army Medical Museum, whom our artist has caught with his eyeglasses on, scanning the latest number of **Harper's Weekly**; or to W. H. **Holmes**, whose studies in aboriginal art in pottery and shell ornamentation are the more valuable for the clever aid lent to his pen by his brush and palette; or H. W. **Henshaw**; or **Otis** T. **Mason**; or Dr. **Washington Matthews**, whose name is familiar to the whole country through his long attendance at General **Sheridan**'s bedside; or his associate in that duty, Dr. H. C. **Yarrow**, the present president of the club, whose special line of ethnological research, the mortuary customs of the world, is not out of harmony with his professional standing as a leading authority on snake-bites. Are geography and exploration more to your taste? That tall, rather delicate-looking man in the centre, and at the rear of the main group, with his dark beard sharply parted and brushed out at the sides, is General **Greely**, whose polar expedition pushed further north than any of its predecessors; **Henry Gannett** is eminent as a geographer, and is the chief topographer of the United States Geological Survey; **George Kennan**, Commander J. R. **Bartlett**, of the Navy, and **William** T. **Hornaday** are known wherever stories of travel and adventure are read; and **Gardiner** G. **Hubbard** is at the head of one of the great geographical societies of the world. Is chemistry your forte? Here are Dr. J. H. **Kidder**, of the *Swatara* expedition; H. W. **Wiley**, whose experiments with sugar have attracted the attention of scientists and manufacturers in every country; and F. W. **Clarke** and Dr. **Carl Barus**. Would you meet some of the leading naturalists of America? Here are Professor **Theodore** N. **Gill**; Colonel **McDonald**, United States Commissioner of Fisheries; Professor G. **Brown Goode**, the brilliant young scientist who is now Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in charge of the National Museum, and who stands beside General **Greely** in the large group; Professor C. V. **Riley**, the entomologist of the Agricultural Department; **Lester** F. **Ward**, the noted botanist; Dr. C. **Hart Merriam** and **William** H. **Dall**, the zoölogists; and Dr. B. E. **Fernow**, the chief forestry expert in the country.

The limits of this article forbid a more extended mention of the company of distinguished workers in various fields of public usefulness who gather for social relaxation within the hospitable walls of the Cosmos, although the list includes a score or more of men like Professor A. **Graham Bell**, Dr. E. M. **Gallaudet**, and Librarian **Ainsworth** R. **Spofford**, whose fame is world-wide, but who cannot be put down in any of the groups already named. The club's constitution restricts its membership to "persons interested in science, literature, or art." The predominance of the scientific element is due largely to the circumstance that the Cosmos is an outgrowth of the old Scientific Club of Washington. Nearly all the well-known artists, architects, and men of letters at the capital belong to it, however, and every stranger who has made his mark in one of the liberal professions finds its doors wide open to him when he visits the city. Its members do not assemble to read learned papers, or otherwise air their scholarly attainments, but for recreation purely; and the use they make of their time when off duty is well attested by the merry click of the billiard balls, the gathering around the chess tables, the animated chatter of the smoking-rooms, and the drafts made nightly upon the mass of popular magazines and weeklies with which the tables are strewn.

The house in which the club has its head-quarters is itself historic. It stands at the corner of H Street and Madison Place, overlooking the northeast quarter of Lafayette Square, and diagonally opposite the White House. In its broad drawing-rooms the beautiful **Dolly Madison** once held her republican court; and here also the heroic Admiral **Wilkes** lived for several years with his family. Since buying the property the club has made several additions and improvements to it, one notable feature being a large assembly hall, built over what was formerly a shady side yard, and fronting on the Park. This hall is used for the club's monthly business meetings, and given rent free to the biological, the philosophical, the anthropological, and other scientific societies for their stated sessions, the right being reserved for any member of the club to attend whenever he chooses, irrespective of his membership of one of these associations. During the social season, also, loan exhibitions are given there by the club, to which any member is privileged to issue cards of admission to his friends. On one occasion there is a collection of architectural plans and drawings; on another, the attraction is Mr. **Muybridge**'s instantaneous photographs of animals in motion; on a third, Japanese curios; on a fourth, Navajo blankets, etc. Once a year a general art exhibition is given, to which not only full-fledged professionals but advanced pupils in the art schools are invited to contribute their best work. Through such channels the club makes its influence felt in the regular daily activities of Washington life, and encourages the discovery and cultivation of local talent.

A HINT TO PUNY PEOPLE.

From their arrival on this planet to their usually early departure from it, people of weak constitutions and angular physiques pass a sort of half existence. Like dormice they burrow in their home retreats, afraid of heat, afraid of cold, constantly afraid that the shadow of the dread reaper will materialize and exact the forfeit which he demands from all, sooner or later. No finer medicinal assurance of comparative vigor for the feeble exists than that afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Used with persistence—not with spurts and spasms—this genial and professionally commended tonic will do much towards infusing strength into a puny system, and rounding off scrawny angles in the human figure. Appetite, nerve tranquillity, and nightly repose are encouraged by it, and a malarial, rheumatic, bilious tendency overcome. It re-establishes digestion and prevents kidney troubles.—[*Adv.*]

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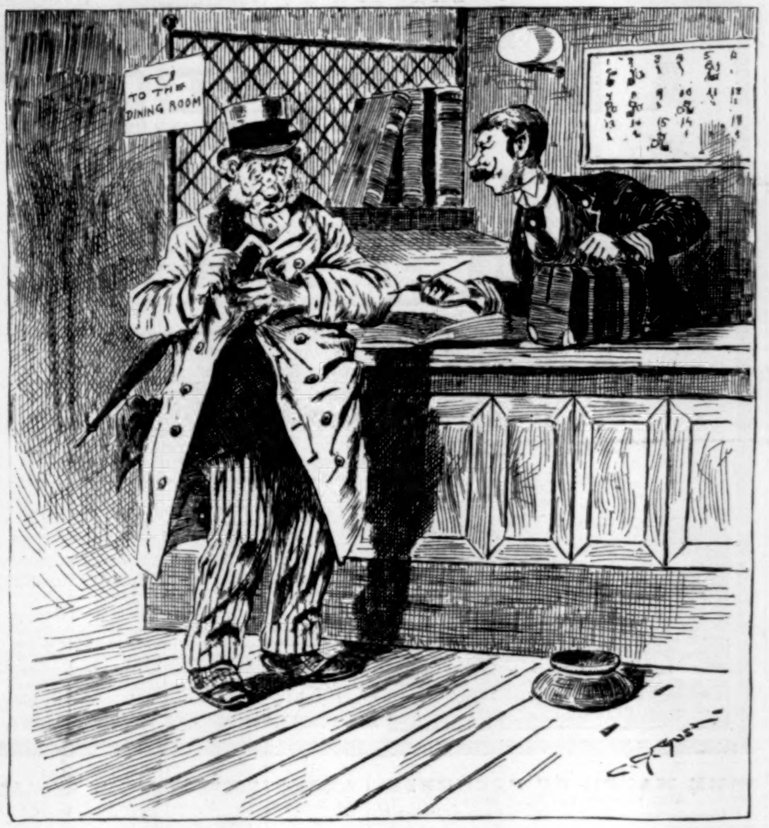

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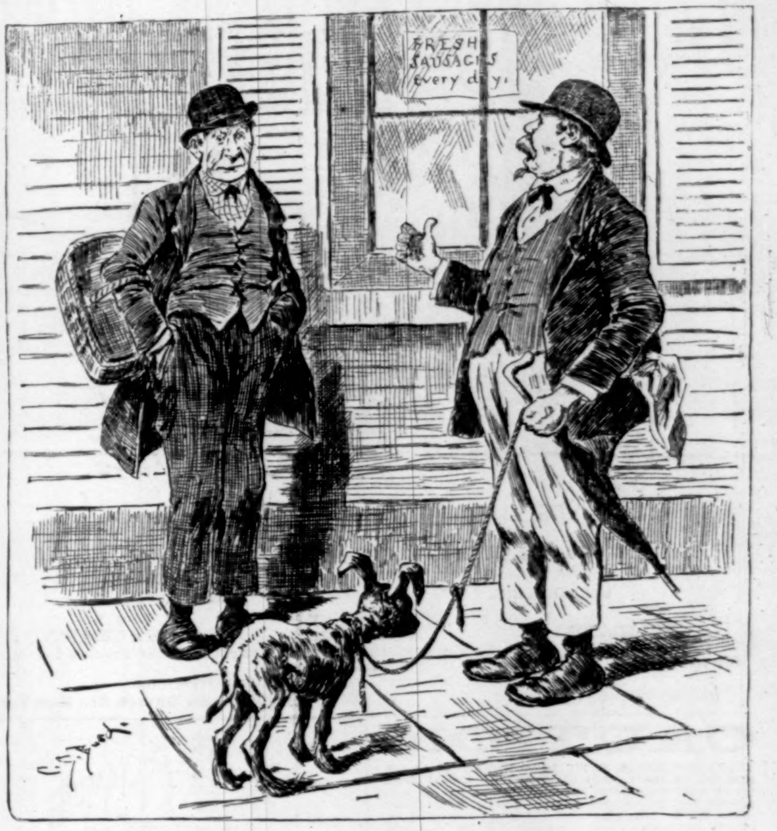
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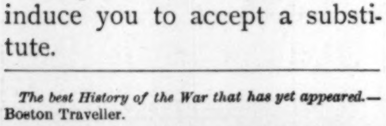

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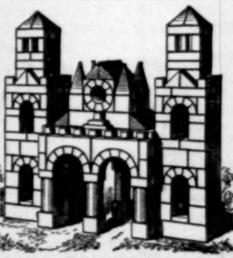

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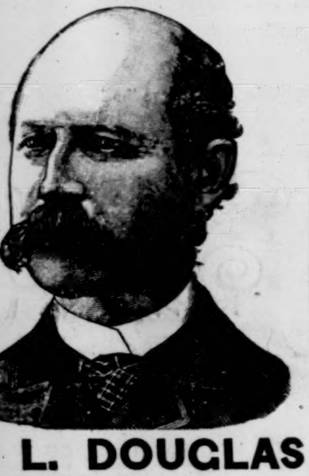

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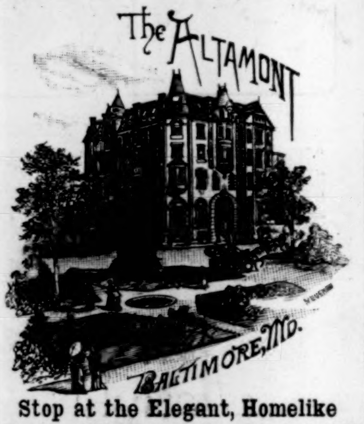

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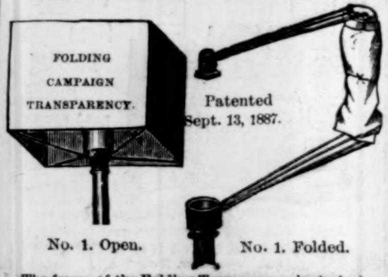

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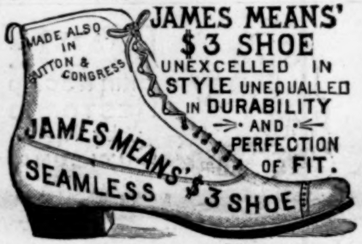
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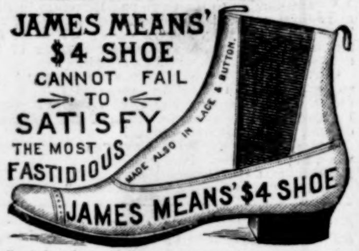
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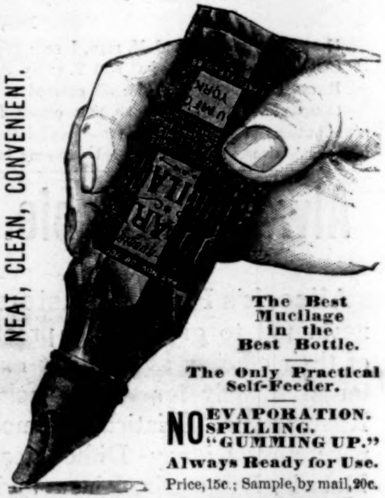

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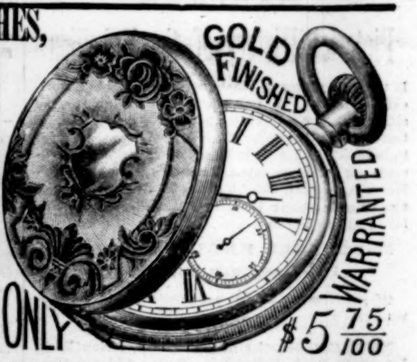

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OUR AMERICAN TORPEDO SYSTEM AT WILLETT'S POINT.

By G. T. FERRIS.

THE picturesque waters of Long Island Sound narrow at a distance of about eight miles from New York city into a long slim throat, which becomes in common speech the East River. Like to the human throat, this is a most vulnerable place of attack. To symbolize the danger two military posts, Fort Schuyler and Willett's Point, frown on either side, about a mile apart, in melancholy impotence, at the junction of the throat with the smooth wide waterway of the Sound. Yet they are but little more than symbols. Work on them ceased nearly twenty years ago, as it became evident that the developments of modern warfare made the plan on which they had been designed an utter mockery. There they have remained untouched, their stone-work crumbling into ruin, without reconstruction, grim mementos of the sublime self-confidence of a government which believes in its own blind good luck. On the grassy parapets or the solid walls lie a few ancient guns, the survival of the *un*fittest, with only here and there one which could possibly scar the side of a modern ship of war. Lulled in the dream of an iron-clad peace, our Areopagites give but scanty thought to the possibilities of an iron-clad war. But our "wise men" have shown no partiality in their neglect. As with the two forts which overlook the gate of the Sound, so is it with the whole chain of fortresses from Portland to New Orleans. Military progress has swept forward and left them mere wrecks.

That the Washington authorities, however, have had transient pricks of alarm at the defenceless state of our coast defences has been shown from time to time in a feeble way. The fact that a small republic in South America could lay the second greatest commercial centre of the world in ashes is startling enough to stir a little shame in even a Western Congressman. The net result is that small appropriations have been made for the development of a system of "torpedo" defence. Whether this would ever have been done had not the splendid enthusiasm and ability of our military engineer corps forced the initiative is doubtful. But the result has been one of which we may justly be proud. Much has been wrought out of little. At Willett's Point an admirable system of submarine mining, or torpedo defence, has been perfected, which is fully abreast with the best modern science. General Abbot, of the U. S. Engineers, the father of the system, began to devote himself to it shortly after the close of the late war. Under him and his able successors it has been made the one feature of our military organization which keeps step with its foreign fellows.

There is something appalling to the fancy in the contemplation of this engine of war. Dimpled waters, what the old Greek poet called "the multitudinous laughter of the seas," tossing in the sunlight above; below, a hell of imprisoned energy, against which the proudest devices of man are naught, waiting in noiseless ambush for the graze of a keel, or the touch of an electric button ashore. Battle is all horror, but this waging of war transcends the rest. A single torpedo loaded with one hundred pounds of dynamite would smash the armored ribs of the greatest war ship in the world. The mere suspicion of submarine mines in the track makes a hostile fleet timid, if not potent to frustrate attack. The unknown paralyzes courage far more than dangers which can be measured. The "torpedo" spectre sufficed to frighten the German war ships from assailing French ports at the same time their armies were grinding the French land forces to powder. To the dread of such a foe, though he disguised himself in tinker's pots and pans and similar grotesque ironmongery, must be credited the frequently dilatory action of our navy during the "late unpleasantness." In the museum at Fort Willett's Point may be seen numerous specimens of the submarine armory of our late Confederate foes. Wood and metal were used, as most convenient. But queer forms, crude appliances, and a science as yet in its babyhood were made terrible by the skill and energy of their engineers. Some forty of our war vessels were destroyed or put *hors de combat* by this torpedo "'prentice-work." It was the one instrumentality which crippled and minimized our naval supremacy. Even the dauntless Farragut, who was to our navy what Sheridan was to our army, put on record his terror at an agency against which a ship's bottom is as little armed as a man's naked foot against a cobra's bite.

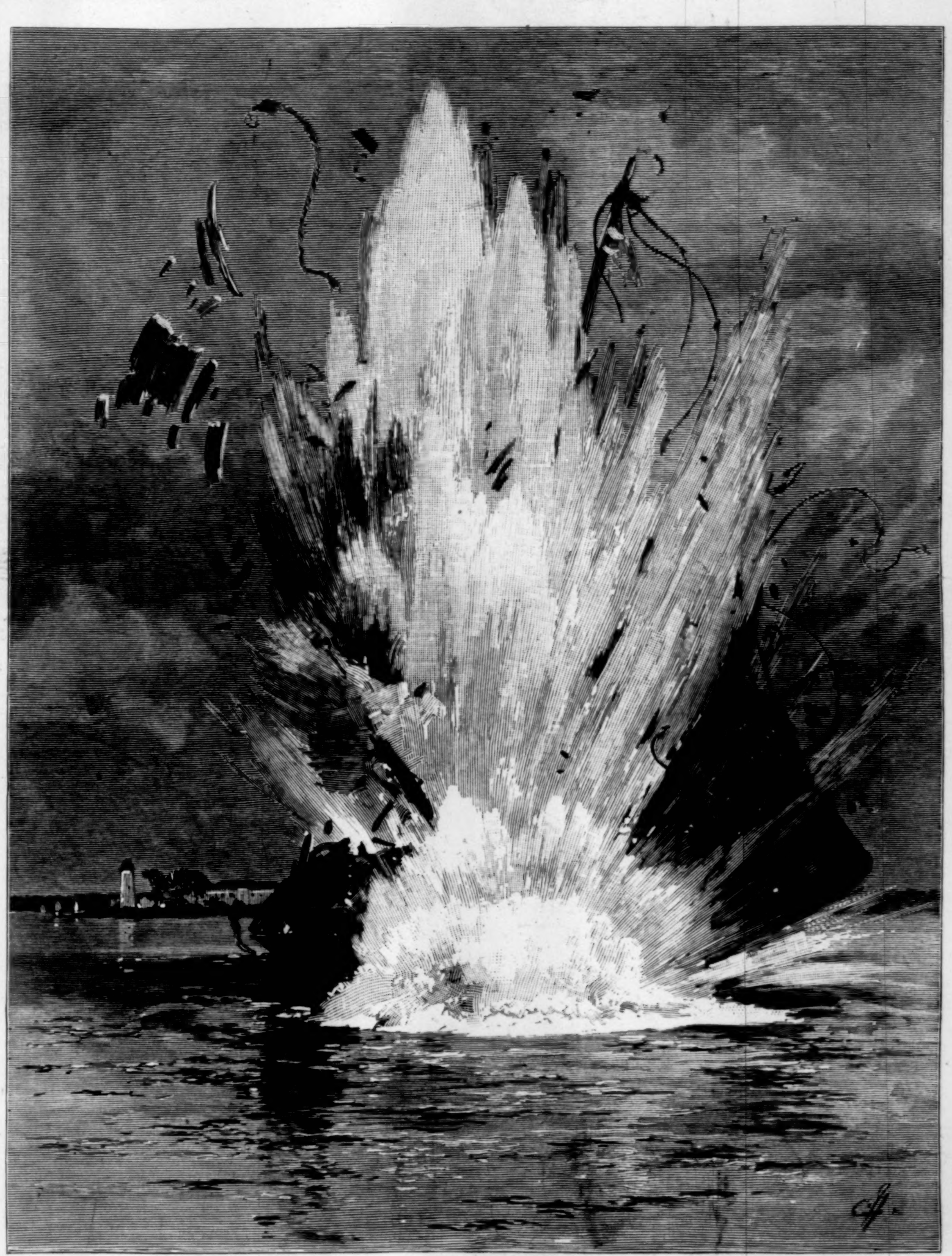
In no direction, not even in that of heavy ordnance, has military science made a longer stride than in the use of submarine mining, since those days in the early sixties. This advance is specially due to two causes—the development of electricity and the progress in the science of explosives. It is scarcely a metaphor when we say that a torpedo can be made almost to think and talk. The science of electricity lends to its operation something like intelligence. It closes its own circuit with deadly precision, and reports the story of its doings ashore at head-quarters, be it five miles away, like a prompt and obedient soldier. The destructive powers with which it is armed to-day are due to the discovery of the qualities of nitro-glycerine. When this high explosive was subdued to the wants of man by Nobel, the German chemist, in 1873, in the form of dynamite, the military possibilities of the torpedo at once became vastly enlarged.

Looking at the greasy yellow stuff, it seems as inert and harmless as soap-fat, which it closely resembles, or as the mixture of sand and sawdust with which we see the men at Willett's Point practise the loading drill. But its power when unleashed almost baffles measure. Its Greek etymology (δυναμις, force) is eloquent. Among explosives it is the force of forces (unless we except the compound forms into which nitro-glycerine enters, such as dualin, explosive gelatine, etc., which are almost too dangerous to handle). It is to gunpowder what the tiger is to a common bull-dog among fierce animals, or the fly-wheel of a great engine to the sweep of a rustic windmill. Earth, rock, iron, or what not, is no more to it, no less to it, than the viewless air above. The "line of least resistance" becomes an empty phrase in describing the method of its operation. The term of time which expresses the swiftness of combustion through its whole mass finds refuge in an infinitesimal.

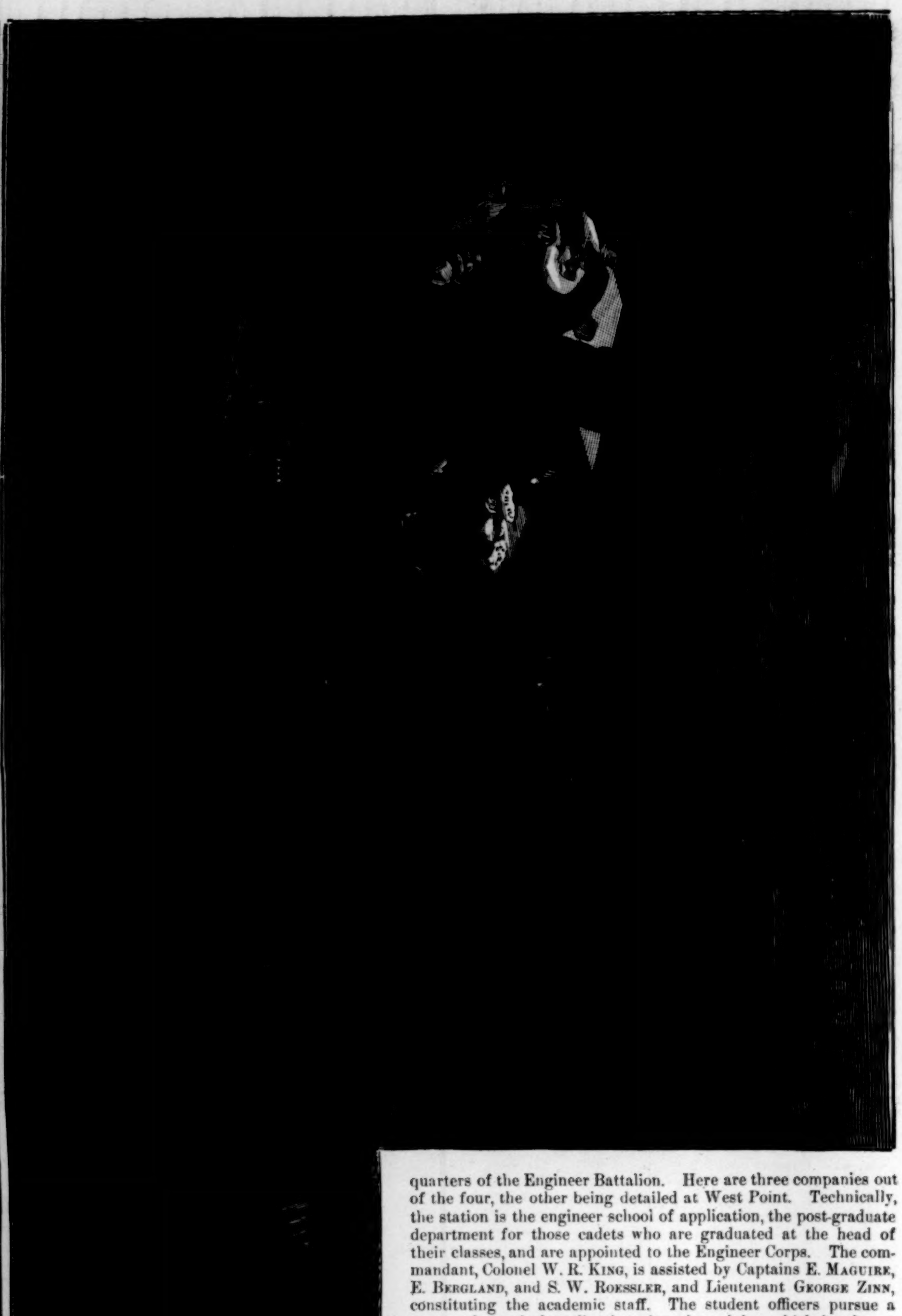
Dynamite has in fifteen years become a revolutionary fact in history It has armed political discontent with terrors undreamed of before. Great cities have shuddered through all their millions of hearts at the whisper of its name. A pigmy's hand may grasp the thunder-bolt of Jove. Nay, in our case even it may rise above the gods. For is it not said by Heine, "Against stupidity the gods themselves strive in vain"? National stupidity has left a score of cities, including the second of the world's capitals, naked before hundred-ton guns and iron-clad fleets. To dynamite in submarine mines can we alone look for possible protection. Words are only names and symbols at best, and we often fail to grasp the things behind them. It is as difficult to conceive the shattering force of dynamite by mere imagination as to conceive the notion of a billion in numbers. Let us take a familiar example, then, to show how forceful it is. Let a bar of wrought iron, six feet long, six inches wide, and an inch thick, be supported on its ends. You may pile on this all the gunpowder it will hold, and the explosion will be a flash in the air, without effect on the tensile strength of the metal. The effect of a pound of dynamite loosely scattered on the surface is to bend the bar double, like a hair-pin, when the force is let loose. With this unit of measure fresh in the mind, the thought of a hundred pounds of the deadly stuff lurking in a submerged torpedo shell, waiting for its victim, and with a nerve running straight from it to the brain of its master, becomes concrete. You have a notion more startling than that of the terrible genie whom, according to the Oriental story, Allah sealed up in a bottle and flung into the sea. The torpedo department at Willett's Point has made various experiments with the different explosives. Among others a large schooner was blown up several years since with mortar powder, one hundred and ten pounds, imprisoned in a torpedo. The effects of the explosion were recorded in a series of six photographs. This was done by an ingenious photographic arrangement. The button closing the electric circuit of the mine was set at the right of the key-board, and six more in close contact, opening and shutting six cameras for instantaneous impression. A sweep of the thumbnail over the key-board exploded the mine and printed the results at successive stages of fractions of a second. Between the explosion which splintered the vessel into match-wood, and raised a column of spray into the air one hundred and fifty feet high, and smooth waves again, elapsed five seconds. Multiply this power by ten, and one can fancy the strength of dynamite.

To harness such a force, compass it with the discipline of an infantry soldier executing the manual of arms, and inspire it with the intelligence alert to execute the human will, has been the function of the torpedo school at Willett's Point. Its crumbling stone walls and insufficient parapets dotted with antiquated ordnance fade from the mind. The fact that its grassy walls enclose the brain and nerve ganglions of a formidable torpedo system, in which alone we compete with the military organizations of other countries, commands respect and makes it worthy of study.

According to War Department formula, this post is the head-



THE EFFECT OF A TORPEDO IN AN EXPERIMENT AT WILLETT'S POINT.



quarters of the Engineer Battalion. Here are three companies out of the four, the other being detailed at West Point. Technically, the station is the engineer school of application, the post-graduate department for those cadets who are graduated at the head of their classes, and are appointed to the Engineer Corps. The commandant, Colonel W. R. **King**, is assisted by Captains E. **Maguire**, E. **Bergland**, and S. W. **Roessler**, and Lieutenant **George Zinn**, constituting the academic staff. The student officers pursue a course of practical studies in submarine mining which involves a thorough mastery of electricity in all its modern applications, and of the chemistry of explosives; in military engineering, including the construction of siege batteries, saps, earthworks of all descriptions, fortresses, land mines, trestle and pontoon bridges, etc.; civil engineering in its more important branches; field astronomy, both in the theory and the use of instruments, such as the sextant, transit and zenith telescopes, the azimuth, chronograph, etc.; and in military photography. This training lasts three years for the engineer students, and to their numbers are added every winter a detail of artillery officers, who undergo a course of seven months' study in submarine mining. The work is arduous, protracted, and full of responsibility, and the officer-students pursue it with an enthusiasm which is admirably seconded by the zeal and ability of the corps of instructors. However important the other branches may be, it goes without saying that it is the practice and development of the art of submarine mining which take the greatest hold on public need, and present the most fascinating side to public attention.

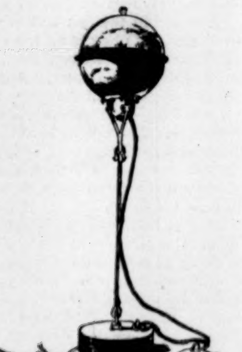
General **Abbot**'s system of torpedo defence does not differ essentially from that adopted in France, Germany, England, and Russia. The construction of the firing-box and that of the circuit-closer in the torpedo or its buoy are kept confidential, being made known to no one except commissioned officers on duty. These secrets, however, are of a technical nature, and do not affect the intelligibility of the general method. So the history of a torpedo may be followed from its genesis in the steel-shop through its loading, laying, grouping, and testing, till it finally discharges its terrible function, without violating official mysteries. One secret is, it may be said, guarded with the most jealous care, and is known only to a few engineers of the highest rank, and to the leading officials of the War-office. This is the hydrographic survey of our harbors, with the plotting of the torpedo fields as they would be laid in preparation for active war. A plan has been carefully worked out for each important harbor in the country. Every detail has been developed with reference to depth of channels, strength and direction of currents, and relation to system of shore defences. The publicity of this secret would compel prompt relinquishment and the adoption of a new system of torpedo plots. Its betrayal to a foreign government known, the traitor could be located as one of perhaps a half-dozen men.

Submarine mines of the defensive class are divided into two varieties—torpedoes arranged to be discharged on a circuit connected with the shore, and self-acting torpedoes exploded by electrical, chemical, or mechanical means exclusively through contact. The locomotive torpedo, such as those known under the names of Whitehead, Sims, Lay, and Patrick, belongs more properly to the naval school of war. As such, though it would probably be used from forts in alliance with stationary mines, it will hardly come within the scope of this article. It may be also said that none of these, however excellent, has been authoritatively accepted by our government, yet we might be forced by the needs of war to adopt them. With us they have now no official status.

The self-acting torpedo is subsidiary to the other. It is only used to protect less frequented and important channels. Its work is blind and unintelligent, and it threatens friendly as well as hostile ships. Explosion cannot be restrained or directed from shore. Once planted, such a torpedo must remain, a danger to any vessel crossing its bed, till it is removed or exploded. The danger of removal is so great, even with the most careful handling, that the mine would have to be destroyed by a dynamite charge. The advantage of this kind of mine is that it can be rapidly laid, owing to freedom from complex apparatus and shore attachment. Neither does it require expert electrical skill in preparation and management, as do the more elaborate mines discharged on a shore circuit, which tax time, watchfulness, and exact knowledge. In our present plight, should war be declared, we should probably be compelled to trust largely to these more rude and unscientific weapons. The reader will by-and-by understand this paradox, which appears to contradict the assumption that we have a fully developed torpedo system. Aside from the method of discharge and their entire independence of shore control, self-acting mines have nothing to distinguish them.

The "shore circuit" torpedo, as it may be called, is one of the splendid triumphs of military science. Its terrors are docile, and can be disarmed by a touch. Its obedience to orders is as swift as thought. It telegraphs ashore whether it has failed or succeeded, and by its *quasi* intelligence the executioner, watching in the mining casemate with his finger on the "firing-box," can decide when to strike if a ship is hovering on the line of a group.

"Shore circuit" torpedoes are divided into two varieties—buoyant and ground mines. The shape of the torpedo case adopted in the United States and largely in foreign countries for the buoyant mine is spherical, constructed of two hemispheres with heavy flanges welded together. The form of the sphere is found to be the strongest, the most capacious, weight for weight, and to possess the greatest power of flotation. The metal is pressed out thin from low-carbon steel, and care is taken to secure the utmost tensile strength. The buoyant torpedo is used in deeper waters, say more than seven fathoms. In shallower channels, however, the ground mine becomes desirable, as it can take a double charge of explosive, and is less liable to attack from the enemy's picket boats. The question of weight in relation to buoyancy ceases here to be a factor. The ground mine is hemispherical, adhering to the bottom by its own weight, and has floating above it a buoy from ten to twenty feet under the level of ebb-tide. The latter is simply an unloaded torpedo sphere.



BUOYANT MINE.

The buoyant mine is anchored to the bottom. The circuit-closing apparatus is in the very heart of the torpedo itself, and so constructed that a slight shock to the torpedo case discharges it. On the other hand, in the case of a ground mine, the circuit-closing apparatus is in the buoy above the torpedo. The size of a torpedo varies according to load, the law of relative flotation, the strength of tide and current, limits of tidal change, and depth of channel. These are all carefully calculated. It may be said that an average standard for a buoyant mine is thirty-six inches diameter. Another classification of "shore circuit" mines would be "observation" torpedoes, designed to be exploded only at will, electro-contact, which are automatic, and those which combine both features. The latter includes and explains the other two, and to this we shall chiefly devote attention.

The process of loading a torpedo demands a touch of velvet and the sharpest watch. No. 1 dynamite, the explosive used, is made from the infusorial earth, *kieselguhr*, which is imported from Hanover. This base absorbs nitro-glycerine in the ratio of three to one. The treacherous stuff is always ready for foul play, and quick to rend friend as well as foe. The premature explosion of a torpedo in the loading-room might be more devastating than a hail-storm of shells from an iron-clad fleet. All it needs is that a few grains no bigger than pin-heads should have lodged in the thread which receives the steel screw-plug.

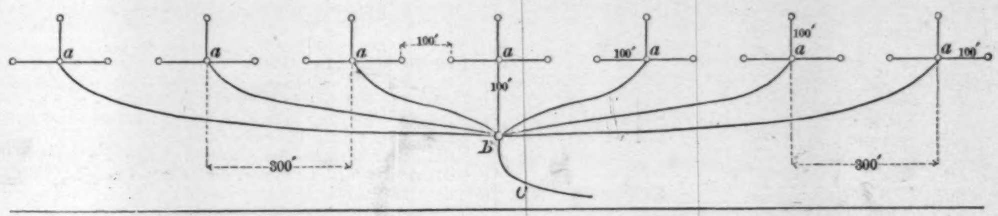
"You handle that sand in gingerly fashion," I said to the officer in command of the loading-room drill. "We are play-acting here," he responded, gravely, "but playing in dead earnest, even if it is a rehearsal. We can't trust to 'the hand of little employment' when the time comes. This stuff *is* dynamite to us." The torpedo case is loaded from the bottom, and as we watch them at work we see that it is a buoyant torpedo which they are charging. The last stage of the process is the introduction of the long steel core, as it appears at first sight, but which is compounded of several factors. It includes the circuit-closer, the priming fuse, and the electrical attachments. The priming fuse in our system consists of fulminate of mercury, duplicated in several compartments to make assurance doubly sure. The fuse fits into a receptacle made to hold one pound of dynamite, constituting the main percussive charge to the whole mass. Of the mechanism of the circuit-closer, which is one of the secrets of the ABBOT system, it does not lie within our province to speak.

A few words here will be germane to the special function of the circuit-closer in torpedo warfare. There are many different forms of this apparatus. Where it is contained in the heart of the charge and in close contact with the fuse it is liable to premature explosion, though it is believed that the ABBOT system provides against this by a special device. On the other hand, where the circuit-closer is a detached adjunct, there is danger of the enemy destroying its electric connection by boat attacks under cover of night. Each method has its disadvantage. It is the circuit-closer that makes the "shore circuit" torpedo alike automatic and obedient to command from the firing-box. The wires—one of which completes the ground circuit by passing into an earth plate, and the other connecting with the shore cable through the triple-junction box—are carried through the electric fuse to the poles of the circuit-closer. In their passage out of the steel plug at the end of the core the joints are protected by triple water-tight stuffing boxes, and the terminals insulated. It goes without saying that all this demands the nicest adjustment.

The torpedo is now ready for its watery bed. In the practice drill at Willett's Point governmental parsimony compels the use of a clumsy little launch; but this sufficiently illustrates the method. Every man of the detail has his place, like a sentry on post. The officer in command overlooks all. The torpedo is suspended over the bow from a derrick. The sergeant connects one of the terminal wires with a coil of wire on a reel. The anchor is sustained by a separate attachment. When the location is reached, a last look is given to see that the knots are right and no fouling in the ropes. "Let go!" comes the word of command, and a splash tells us that the anchor and the torpedo have settled to their places.

The launch steams to the triple-junction box, unreeling the wire which is to connect the shore circuit. Here a picket boat is stationed, and the man in charge makes a temporary joint. An officer in the mining casemate, whence all the electrical work is carried on, has been watching the operation as sharply as we have. He now tests the junction just made, with the galvanometer and other delicate instruments, to see that the circuit works. At a telegraphic signal to the picket station the electric junction is then made permanent.

The unit of arrangement which determines the distribution of mines on the hydrographic plot is a grand group of twenty-one subdivided into seven triple groups, as may be seen illustrated in the diagram. Each minor group is set in the shape of a triangle, the torpedoes being one hundred feet distant from the junction box, and the groups one hundred feet from each other. From the triple-junction boxes issue single cores, which are joined together at the grand-junction box into the multiple cable. This is carried ashore into the mining casemate, which is the firing station, and here passes into an earth plate, completing the circuit. It will be seen from this description that each of the separate cores of the cable carries the electric current to a triple group, so that at no time can less than three be discharged from shore. Any one torpedo, however, can be independently exploded by concussion with a passing ship.



UNIT OF ARRANGEMENT WHICH DETERMINES THE DISTRIBUTION OF MINES ON THE HYDROGRAPHIC PLOT.

a. Triple-Junction Boxes. *B.* Grand-Junction Box. *C.* Multiple Cable.

Let us now set this wonderful creature of man's destructive will and ingenuity before us and make it rehearse its own story. It would thus speak: "I am inert and harmless until the battery which is my brain wakes me from sleep and sets my nerves thrilling with life. In vain would ships buffet my body with crushing blows to rouse me from the dumbness of death. But with a touch on shore I quiver with the pent-up energies, eager to destroy, which make my name a terror. Then let the greatest of ships touch me with keel or side, and its doom is sure. I also warn my master that the work is done by ringing a bell in the mining casemate, at the same time breaking the circuit for five seconds, lest the tumult and shock should explode my two nearest companions to a fruitless end. If the stroke from my enemy has been too light to let loose the energies within me, I no less promptly send a signal ashore, that the firing-box may compel a triple explosion at my master's will." It is hardly too much, then, to say that the torpedo in its most scientific form is almost a thing of intelligence.

The fact that a group of mines can be made perfectly safe for the passage of friendly ships or merchant vessels is a point of great importance. Again, the occasional failure of a mine to explode by contact, as may occur when touched by an outrigger, such as ships suspicious of hidden dangers might carry, would be remedied by the warning to the electrician and his consequent action. In case of heavy fog or the smoke of battle hiding ships from view, thus preventing the tracking of them from theodolite stations on a chart, such reports from the torpedo itself would be of the greatest value, guiding action as to the policy and time of firing any special section of any special group. It is the combination of automatic power with power to communicate results to the shore station, and the absolute control by the electrician of the torpedo, which constitute its crowning triumph. This endowment permits the exercise of brilliant strategy in the use of submarine mines.

Let us suppose a case. Hostile vessels are approaching a torpedo field; the commanding officer in the mining casemate suspends the automatic power of any section or sections, or of a grand group or of several groups. The observers at the theodolite stations, engaged in tracking the course of the enemy's ships with reference to the torpedo locations, report the facts to the mining casemate. The battery power may be reserved from the circuit till several ships of the fleet, unwarned by explosions, are destroyed simultaneously when they reach favorable stations on the torpedo field.

From first to last each step in the torpedo system is tested, and the testing never ceases. Here we find one of the most interesting and important features of the shore circuit mine. The minutest details of the complex apparatus can be examined without trouble from the mining casemate, and a fault located. Electricity is made a detective. The testing begins with the very storage of material. The multiple cables are sunk in a salt-water tank, so that the outer coat is saturated, and a fault may be discovered before it is laid. Dynamite and the fulminate in the electrical primer are tested before loading. With the laying of each separate torpedo the electrical connection is tested. When a grand group is laid, every feature of it is daily examined, and the search is infallible. The multiple cable is tested for insulation and conductivity, as also each core of it and each wire branching from a core. The fault can be located within limits of a few feet. The junction boxes, great and small, are made to confess their faults by an inquisition which never blunders. If the difficulty is in the circuit-closer or in any of the wire connections, the confession is flashed to the casemate. If the torpedo case has leaked, and either the dynamite charge or the fulminate become wet, it is made known. Be the error never so obscure, the right sinner is made to cry "*peccavi,*" so that the trouble can be promptly remedied. All this is done by delicate electrical apparatus, which is kept in ceaseless use. What is known as the "sea-cell" test is used in much of this search work. We will describe its application, for instance, to the discovery of the condition of the dynamite charge.

The principle of the sea cell depends on the fact that two plates of suitable metal form a voltaic battery when placed in salt-water and connected by a metal conductor. This battery will produce considerable deflection on the needle of a galvanometer, which varies in direction and violence with the metals used. There is a plate of zinc inside the dynamite charge at the point which connects it with the conductor of the cable between the fuse and the shore. There is also a plate of carbon connected with the wire beyond the fuse, to form the earth connection, while a copper earth plate is used at the home end. In case the charge is dry, we should have a sea cell composed of a copper and a carbon pair, which would produce a certain deflection on a galvanometer in circuit, say from right to left. If the charge is wet, the zinc plate would come in contact with salt-water, and the sea cell composed of a copper and a zinc pair would give a deflection of the galvanometer in the opposite direction.

All these branches of scientific work go on in daily drill, just as if the results were anticipated for immediate practical use. The oarsman taking a spin in his skiff a few hundred feet off Willett's Point may easily see, not far down in the green waters, graceful things, swaying idly with the wash of the tide, looking like huge brown bubbles. These are continually being laid down and taken up. Let him land and enter the officers' laboratory. Here he will find a half-dozen or more students investigating the most delicate and intricate electrical problems. They must be equipped not only to work out any problem, to use all the instruments, but to repair any instrument if it gets out of order. Each officer thus becomes an expert electrician, and so too in some degree does many an intelligent enlisted man in the Engineer Corps. The drill is as thorough in its way as that of the infantryman in the manual of arms or that of the dragoon in handling his sabre. It is like beating the sand-bag, and relatively it is the same practice, which makes the prize-fighter a human battering-ram when he stands stripped in the ring.

After the torpedoes are laid and fully adjusted we have before us the interesting question how they are used in the actual exigencies of battle. Explosion by contact, in the case of the electrical "judgment" torpedoes, is the lesser factor in their value. It is to the intelligent use of their terrible powers that the rank which they have taken in defensive war is due. The science of submarine countermining, which has advanced *equo pede* with the development of torpedoes, compels great skill and strategy in utilizing them to the highest advantage. The method mainly in vogue as a feature of our torpedo system is that of tracking the movements of ships by theodolite observation. The powers of sight or scent by which the hound follows and destroys his quarry do not compare in accuracy with the certainty with which the military scientist runs a hostile ship down and sinks it, though several miles away.

Before the officer in the mining casemate, who has at his elbow the different firing-boxes, lies a chart of the whole torpedo field. It is divided into small squares, which show the precise location of all the mine groups, the definitions being made by the markings of the degrees of a great circle laterally and lengthwise. Remote points of some elevation, not likely to be discerned by the enemy, and at the end of a fixed base-line, are selected, which overlook the field of operations. These points are connected with each other and with the mining casemate by telegraph. At each of these observation stations are an officer and his assistants to take the readings, as indicated on the graduated scale of a theodolite telescope of the moving vessel which is being tracked. The scales of the two instruments correspond, and of course the alignments intersect at the ship's location. The markings in degrees from the subsidiary station are telegraphed to the main station, constituting the record of one alignment, and the officer there in command traces these in connection with the readings of his own alignment on the chart. The movement of the point of intersection over the squares indicates the course of the ship and its precise relation to any torpedo group. The firing order may be given directly from the observation station, or the readings may be telegraphed to the mining casemate, and then tracked on the map. Unless in the case of heavy fog or battle smoke, which would hide the enemy's fleet from continuous view, this method is infallible, if the theodolite scales are properly set, and the officers and their assistants careful in their readings.

This process of tracking ships can be carried on at night, by the aid of a powerful electric search light, as well as by day. It would be needful to use this expedient in case the enemy attempted to steal a passage by night.

An interesting and picturesque exhibition of the method of night search and of the destruction of a vessel was given at Willett's Point a few weeks since, a representation of which is offered in our illustrations on page 742. The electric reflector used gave a two-thousand candle-power light, and was erected on the north-west parapet of the works. A broad and brilliant glare of light was shed on the Sound, displaying a small steam launch beating its way laboriously against the flood, which runs at this point with great rapidity. The light at the mining casemate showed the "executioner" to be at his post, and on the parapet, which was selected as the main observation station for the tracking work, the groups, with powerful lanterns dotting their midst, and the breathless attention given to the work, made it seem like something more than practice. The waters were tumbled and flashing with white-caps in the electric flame as the launch tossed before the force of a northeast gale that made the ordinarily smooth Sound bristle into fury. Sternly rang the quick words of command from the officer at the main station, keeping his men to the keenest alertness in giving the theodolite readings of the vessel's course as her progress was tracked to a torpedo group, her form always silhouetted against the inky black of the darkness on either side of the field of light. Suddenly, "6—6—5! make ready for firing!" sang Lieutenant R——. In another five seconds came the order, "Fire!" telegraphed to the mining casemate. Now let us fancy that on this occasion a vessel had been actually destroyed, as had been the case in several previous instances in the practice of the school. Almost before the lips of the tracking officer cease to vibrate with the sound, so swiftly is the order flashed to its destination and executed, a wonderful sight rears itself on the shining waters, and a smothered roar smites the ear. Out of the waves rises a great water-spout some fifty feet in diameter, and climbs upward at least one hundred and fifty feet within the period of three seconds. Its sides pour down showers of iridescent spray, and it is all a soft shimmer, like a colossal bridal veil, except where it is spotted with various shapes and sizes of dark, the fragments of the hulk destroyed. In five seconds this beautiful yet fearful vision ceases to be, and there is nothing but the heaving water, which has been churned into a still angrier tumult by the submarine attack. All the spectators then realize with vivid power what is meant by the explosion of a torpedo hundred-pounder. Had H. M. S. *Agamemnon* or *Terrible*, among the iron-clad wonders of the world, been struck, it would have been placed *hors de combat.*

It goes without saying that all the stations used in working a torpedo system in time of actual war would needs be bomb-proof. Once the enemy's ships had located these essential nerve centres of the defence, the fire would be so concentrated as to make them untenable if possible. For this reason it is probable that the mining casemate or firing station or stations, as also the theodolite stations for tracking ships, would be remote and con-